

LINE

Little Lincoln's Inn Field

His Majesty's Servant

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Thomas Testie,

Woodvill,

Friendly,

Old Hob,

Young Hob,

Mr. Underbill.

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Kenneston.

Mr. Trefise.

Mr. Dogget.

W O M E N.

Lady Testie,

Flora,

Lucia,

Betty,

Clowns, Servants, &c.

Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Mrs. Bowman.

Mrs. Lee.

SCENE, *Glocester.*

T O

TO THE

Illustrious and Truly Noble

Prince J A M E S,

Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Ormond in England and Ireland; Earl of Ossory, and Viscount Thurles; Baron of Arclo; Lord of the Regalities and Liberties of the County of Tipperary; Baron of Lanthony; Earl of Brecknock; Chancellor of the University of Oxford, One of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber to His Sacred Majesty, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter; and One of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.

May it please your Grace,

I know what I ought to expect from this Presumption, but the assurance I had of your Graces Goodness to forgive me, made me suffer my Inclinations to get the better of me, and beseech your Protection for this poor Play, that has but little else to recommend it to the World, the satisfaction I had to see the little Success it undeservedly met with from the Town, gave me not so great pleasure as I have to see your Graces Name fix'd to the Dedication; not that I Pride my Self upon any imaginary Desert; but the occasion it gives me of doing the Duty of an *Englishman*, from whom all that's due to the Preserver of his Country, shou'd be paid to your Grace; this, I confess, ought to be my Task, I own my Obligation, tho' I cannot pay it, nor am I much concern'd at it, since a better Pen than mine will find it a Duty too difficult to be Just in; and the generality of Mankind, I'm sure, will think me in the right, not to prophane your Noble Character, by endeavouring to describe it, which wou'd betray my Ignorance, more than the Publishing this piece of Folly will

The Dedication.

do, which cost me more Time (and Trouble) to get Acted, than did to Write it except one Act of it, which I wrote three Years ago.) As for its Faults, one of them is, I hear, that it is Obscene, I'm sorry it shou'd appear so; I'm sure I never design'd it, and I believe it will be hard to find a Comedy with less in it; those that have the clearest Reputation, have more Reason to blush for that Sin, than this has; I own there's a scarcity of that which some call Wit, and what many Authors in this Age run mad after, endeavouring to produce it out of every bodies Mouth, whether it delongs to their Character or no. Still losing the Man to goe out of the way for a Jest; 'tis what I shall never labour for, (either in Writing, if I were capable, or Acting;) for he that will make Nature his Study, will find more Charms in it, and a more certain way to Applause, than can be produc'd from any abortive Conceit, which at best, can but repay him with a loud Laughter from the Multitude, who shou'd be pleas'd, I own, but not at the expence of the Author, or the Actors Reputation, nor the Displeasure of the Judicious, who I hope will not condemn this Play from the appearance it had upon the Stage, where it suffer'd in the Acting. By the Industrious Care of whom, was so visible to the Audience, I shall spare any further Reflexion at this time, which could chiefly be spent in begging your Grace's Pardon, for presuming so unworthily to write my self,

Your Grace's most Humble,

Faithful and Obedient Servant,

THO. DIGGET.

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. BARRT.

NEW Plays as well as Guineas fall of late,
Like Addle Plotters hurried to their Fate,
And yet our Ben wou'd needs be Plotting too,
But only Plotted for himself and you;
But yet I fear he will not please to day,
Alas! 'twas a meer out-of-fashion Play;
No Bawdy in't to make the Ladies Glow,
Nay, what is worse, the Play's without a Beau;
No Chit-Chat Repartee, nor Raillery;
Such as Masks sell Sins within the Gallery;
Stuff learnt by Rore; pass with you for Sence,
Brought here by Wits, and by Fools carry'd hence,
Nay, he has to day spar'd min' honest Cits,
Who's Holiday Halfe Crown seats him i'th' Pit;
And Laughs when he's abus'd, because 'tis Wit;
Thus all he doe's but Politickly spare,
He fears to Bite, yet hardly can forbear,
The Poet wou'd be at you, if he might,
Did not the Player deter him from the Fight;
He Draws on your side, Swears you shall not frown,
The Comick Vein shall keep the Cynick down,
'Twixt you and him no Quarrel yet has been
If now he errs, he'll freely own his Sin;
Nay, what's more strange, he will repent on't too,
But not as other wretched Scriblers do:
Attempt to mend, yet trouble still the Age,
Confirm them Blockheads, and Confound the Stage.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

THE Careful Pilot, when he Views the Shelf
Where others have been lost, secures himself;
The Cautious Robber from that road abstains,
Where his unlucky Comrade hangs in Chains;
Thus all, except the Brothers of the Quill,
Take Early Warning by another's ill.
Writing's the Fatal Rock, on which has split
Many a Stout, and well-built Man of Wit;
And yet there's not a Sculler but shall Dare
To venture his week, rotten Cock-boat there,
Bless me! What Wits might some Men be to th' Sight;
Wou'd they be rul'd, and neither Talk, nor Write;
For here's the Mischief of the Poet's trade;
He must be born a Wit, as well as made;
A Native, inbred spark of Heavenly heat,
In ev'ry Vein, in ev'ry Pulse must beat:
Nor will indifferent Writing do the feat,
For Poetry allows no Middle State.
No so-so Plays will do, no pretty-well,
You fail if you but Moderately excel;
It must lie Heaven all, or else 'tis Hell.
Criticks are Heralds, that deny one blot
To be of Honour in a Poet's Coat:
'Tis time and labour thrown away in all,
But they that do perceive an inward Call;
And by the Orthodox none ought to be
Admitted to this Sacred Ministry,
Less than a Dryden, Congreve, Wycherly.
These Matters running in our Author's head,
He vows to me have almost made him Mad;
To know so well the Strictness of the Rule,
And yet to write; Incurrible Fool!
Tonder he stands in Sad and Doleful Case,
Waiting the Judgment you shall please to pass;
I see he beckons to me, to intreat
That you'd be Merciful as you are Great:
Almighty Criticks, you his Judges sit;
If you consent he shall set up a Wit,
He swears he wont be prouder for't a Bit.

THE

THE Country-Wake.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Friendly and Servant.

Serv. SIR, Here's a Letter for you.

Friend. A Letter, Let me see it.

(Read.

Dear Frank, I arriv'd this Day at London, and to Morrow, purpose for Gloucester: where, if after Three Years Travel, I can find my Friend what I left him; I cannot think my Self Unhappy, how unfortunate soever I may seem to the World.

Woodvill.

I wish Ned, it were in my Power to make thee as happy, as it was in thy Father's to make thee miserable; thou should'st find a better Welcome here from thy Friend, then thou wilt from a Dead Sire, and departed Acres, Sirrah, go to Sir Thomas Testias, and see if he's at home, and at leisure to receive an Hours Conversation.

Serv. Yes Sir.

Enter Woodvill.

Wood. Frank Friendly.

Friend. Ned Woodvill.

Wood. What Acknowledgments shall I make my Stars for letting me live to see once more, the Man that's nearest to my Heart?

Friend.

Friend. There let me grow; till want of Friendship makes me unworthy of the Place——I was just now Reading your Letter, and by that, did not expect to see you these two Days; How came you so soon?

Wood. I design'd to come in the Stage-Coach, but finding no other Company but an old talkative Woman, and two over-grown Boys, I chose rather than be coop'd up with Old Age and Ignorance, to ride Poste, and run the hazard of breaking my Neck upon Hackney Jades: that have, I think, disjointed every Limb of me.

Friend. I wish *Ned* after the fatigue of thy Journey, I could Entertain thee with something wou'd divert thy present pain, and prove a Cordial for the future; for the News I have to tell thee, I fear will disorder thy whole Frame, and make thy Mind as distemper'd as thy Body.

Wood. Say'st thee so, prithee out with it at once; for I am Arm'd against the worst that can befall me; my Life, which is the last and only thing Fate can now take from me, I see in no Danger, as for any other misfortune, there can come none so great as what is past.

Friend. I know not what you have met with abroad; but the greatest you are to expect here, is the News of your Father's Death, who departed a Fortnight since; but before he left the World, took care to make you a younger Brother to his Extravagancy, which has left you ne'r a Groat, for he play'd the last Game with the last stake, and Died, leaving hardly enough to Bury him.

Wood. This I heard at London, and expected it long before: for when he sent me abroad, it was only that I might not be a Curb to his Will, which was as unbounded as his Lusts, that wou'd be obey'd in all those Vices his younger Years ought to have been asham'd of; but the Age we live in is so perverted, that Old Men pursue the Vanities of Youth (taking up the Cudgels they lay down) and fumble with those Debauches, young Men grow weary of.

Friend. Thou say'st true, *Ned*; but I wish thou hadst not experienc'd it so much at thy own Cost.

Wood. So do I *Frank*; but since it was in my Power to prevent it, it shall not now be my fault to repine at it; the Old Gentleman cou'd not a chosen abetter time to put me to my Shifts, since the War gives me so Glorious an opportunity to try what Fortune has in store for me.

Friend.

Friend. Fortune! Prithee what canst thou hope from Fortune, with Bullets flying about thy Ears, that cou'd Buffer thee so unmercifully in the time of Peace; Had'st thou a Friend indeed who had Interest to get thee a Commission, that had Authority in it to keep thee out of Harms way, thou might'st hope as much as another Man; But as thou hast nothing to prefer thee, but a comely Figure of Six Foot high, thou ought'st to look for nothing more, then after the first Volley, to chance on a clean place to measure thy Length on, without spoiling thy Cloaths.

Wood. Prithee *Frank*, What Commands are those that have Power to awe a Bullet, for till now, I never heard a Cannon made any distinction.

Friend. True *Ned*, if we come in their way; but I've known some Men, whose Actions were above being question'd, step aside when Danger fac'd 'em, but if their Enemies (meeting with the worst of it) have been forc'd to turn their Backs, have fall'n in like Lions, to scramble for Honour, and come home laden with as much as he that deserv'd most.

Wood. I must confess we have too frequent Examples of this kind; however it shall not keep me from doing my best to serve my Country, nor make me despair of Success.

Friend. You do well to hope the best; it doubles our misfortunes to afflict our Selves with the Apprehension of 'em; which sometimes make 'em look more dreadful than they are in themselves.

Wood. That will never be my fault, for disappointments are so frequent with me, that I shou'd look for nothing else, did I not believe all things must have an end, one time or other.

Enter Servant.

How now, Did not I send you to Sir *Thomas Testies*?

Serv. Sir, I was going as you commanded me; and met his Man by the way, coming with a Message to you, and he is now without, waiting to speak with you.

Friend. This Old Knight (*Ned*) was a Citizen of *London*, but being weary of his Vocation, and willing to keep a young Wife to himself, is come to inhabit here, upon an Estate which he has lately purchas'd; part of it was your Fathers: he has one only Daughter by a former Wife, whom Nature has been very bountiful to, she wants no Charm to make her Self Ador'd, and hath found that

4. The Country Wakes.

way to my Heart, which none of her Sex cou'd ever do before. There is a Niece *Ned* is equally deserving, and would be equally desirable, did not Love to shew his Power, by ass my Affections: Come, thou shalt go with me and see them, if thy Journey has not fatigu'd thee too much.

Wood. Never to hinder me from the Company of a pretty Woman *Frank*; that Temptation is more prevalent with me than any other, Nature can be liable to: But at present I must deny my self that satisfaction; I hear the Post goes hence within these Two Hours, and I have Business obliges me to write by the first opportunity; but let my Man go with you to acquaint himself with the way; and I will come to you, as soon as I have dispatch'd *Jack*, wait of Mr. *Friendly*, and come back quickly.

Friend. 'Tis very well, Your Servant; Come back.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE II. A Room at Sir T. Testie's

Enter Sir Thomas Testie and Lucia.

Sir Tho. Niece, come hither,——Come hither, I say, and shut the Door.

Luc. Bless us! What's amiss in the State, that I must be Closeted.——The Door is lock'd, Sir.

Sir Tho. Very well; Come hither then:—Hark'ye, who am I?

Luc. Who are you, Sir!

Sir Tho. Ay; whom am I?

Luc. You are my Uncle, Sir, I think.

Sir Tho. Am I no more than your Uncle? your Father thought me worthy of a better Title, when he made me your Trustee, and by that means impower'd me to make you a Beggar, had I not been your very good Friend as well.

Luc. Sir, you have been more than I cou'd hope for——Nor shall you ever find me wanting in those Acknowledgments your Goodness has oblig'd me to pay you, for your extraordinary Care of me, when I was left young and unable to take any for my self.

Sir Tho. 'Tis very well; Why then, since occasion now presents, wherein you may in some measure requite my Love, and discharge your

The Country Wives

your Duty, I expect you shall be sincere with me, and Answer me directly;—When was Mr. *Friendly* last with my Daughter?

Luc. Sir.

Sir Tho. I say, When was Mr. *Friendly* last with my Daughter?

Luc. To the best of my Remembrance——Sir——I won't——be positive——but——

Sir Tho. But——No, no——hold——hold——look d'ye see, If I catch you stumbling, or endeavouring by your Female Devil's Wit at a pinch, to cast a blind upon my Understanding, I shall conclude you as bad as she, and both alike shall share my Resentment. Therefore come, I say, and Answer directly to the Question, for I will know it, and from you Hufwife——You that are her Confident, as you call it,——Her Help-Mate to Iniquity: What, because I am Old, and can't go without a Staff, you think I'm Blind and can't See your Roguery without a pair of Spectacles, but I have found you out Mistress, I have so.

Luc. Found us out; I hope, Sir, you don't think that she wou'd Act, or Assist her, in any thing, that might blame her Conduct to Mr. *Friendly*; who you know to be a worthy Gentleman, and one, I'm sure, I have heard you say, you had rather dispose of her to, than any Gentleman in the Country; and if so, I don't know why I should conceal their being together, since their designs are Honourable.

Sir Tho. How——What——Designs, and Honourable——What——without my Knowledge——without first consulting me -- that am her Father——whose sole Right it is to dispose of her Person; and dares he, without my Leave, my Consent to Authorize his Pretensions, make Love to her, under my roof? Were he a Prince, and wou'd Endow her like a Queen, and shou'd but think of such a thing, without my Licence; I wou'd Lock her up till the Green Sickness had made her Eat her passage to him thro' the Wall, tell her so, d'ye hear—— (Exit.)

Luc. Indeed old Gentleman, you wou'd a found neither Locks nor Bolts cou'd have held her,——Had she not been disoblig'd by his making you acquainted with his Love, for she is such a Friend to Disobedience, that she thought your being privy to the matter, a sufficient Reason to discard him her Favour, so that now I hope you may have a very Dutiful Child of her.

Enter Floria.

Flo. Was not that my Father that parted from you?

Luc. It was.

Flo. Was he in Humour?

Luc. Yes, a very ill one, at the news of your proceedings with Mr. *Friendly*; If you think you shall dye for Love *Floria*, you may prepare your self a Halter, and swing to *Elizium* as soon as you please, for your Father hath forbid the Banes; had he been first acquainted with your Lovers Inclinations, you might have eaten a Sack-Posset after a Matrimonial Grace together, according to Custom; But you are now to be Lock'd up, and feed upon Chaulk and Lime, he says, till you have eaten a Passage to your Spark thro' the Wall.

Flo. I'm glad to find him so resolv'd, I shall now dispose of my self to my own liking; for had he been enclin'd to the Match, I was resolv'd never to see *Friendly* more, for affronting my Love, by seeking me at my Father's Hands, when that had assur'd me to him before.

Luc. Why, Wou'd you not have your Father have a Power in disposing you where he likes best?

Flo. Yes, if he cou'd Command my Love; But since that's decre'd by a higher Power, I must go with my Heart whether he will or no; nor shall he have any Vore where he has no right to give it.

Luc. An excellent Piece of Sophistry to encourage Disobedience.

Flo. You may call it what you please. But in following the dictate of my Passion, I obey the Power that made it; and my Duty towards Heav'n is to be consider'd before that to my Father I take it; I shall therefore Marry without his Leave or Knowledge.

Luc. Why without his Knowledge?

Flo. For the pleasure of what thou call'st Disobedience. Why thou forget'st sure that I am a Woman as thou art; the Sex that first taught it to the World, wou'dst have me degenerate?

Luc. O, by no means, Madam, pray go on, have a care of being unjust to your Self, whatever you do; and for the better encouragement to proceed, Know, your Father hath sent this day to Mr. *Friendly* to forbid him the House, or approach it at his peril.

Flo. I know it, and by the same Messenger, I bid him meet me
to

to-night at the Garden Door; I scorn the Old Gentleman shou'd have the start of me.

Luc. And pray what's the business of your meeting?

To contrive how you may run away with him?

Flo. That's as he shall deserve, if he's as fond of the Vagabond Trick as my self, and will be contented to take me for my own sake, without any other Consideration —

Luc. You'll be contented to pack up your Awls; that is a clean Smock, with a Suit of Night Cloaths thrust into a Band-box, and bid Good-buoy Daddy; — Well speed thee well, since thou art resolv'd upon a mad Trick, I think indeed, thou cou'dst not have chosen an honest Fellow to play it with.

Flo. You may call it a mad Trick, but any other had been a foolish one, witness my Mother-in-law, had she been Govern'd by her own Will, my Father had wanted a Comforter in his old Age; and she had been better supply'd with one in her Youth.

Luc. Go, you're naught, I'll talk no more with you.

(Offers to go.)

Flo. Nay, take me with you, for if you leave me here alone I shall think worse than I talk.

Luc. Come along then, Mad-Cap.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE, *Back Door of a Garden.*

Enter Lady Tessie, and Betty in their Hoods and Scarfs.

Bet. Good dear Madam, don't afflict your self, since y'are bound to your Misfortune, resolve to endure it, and make your self as easie under it, as you can; your Grief will make you sick in earnest else.

Lady. I wish it cou'd, that I might not be troubl'd to dissemble it; to keep my self from the loath'd Bed of that old nauseous Wretch, my Husband; who not contented to Wed me to his wither'd Carcass, has also forc'd me from London from my Friends, from every thing that might give me Comfort in my Misery, to dwell here in a Country Town, where nothing is to be seen but such as himself.

Bet. Yes, Madam, here's something better to be seen than himself; — What think you of the Gentleman you saw alight yesterday at the Inn Door, when you stood at the Window.

Lady.

Lady. O don't name him, unless thou cou'dst give me another sight of him; and yet I fear if I had my Desires, 'twou'd serve me only to beget another, and another; still succeeding, till I had ask'd my Ruine: Did you enquire who he is?

Bet. I did, Madam, but cannot learn; he came from *London*, and 'tis thought by the People of the House, he stays for Horses, to convey him farther.

Lady. Cou'd not ye have contriv'd to have spoke to him?

Bet. I cou'd, Madam, had you so commanded me; but to what end?

Lady. Nay, I know not, tho I wish he knew my Heart, and were inclin'd to take me from my Plague my Husband, who, I'm resolv'd never shall enjoy me, tho I'm sure to be the unhappiest of my Sex.

Bet. 'Tis impossible, Madam, I think for you to hold out much longer; you ha' kept him this Month e'er since you were Married) from your Bed, with the pretence of Sicknes, he now grows impatient, and begins to believe 'tis design'd thro the want of Love.

Lady. I care not what he believes—ha!—Who's that yonder?

Bet. Where, Madam?

Lady. Yonder, coming down the Walk.

Bet. 'Slife, Madam, 'tis the stranger we was talking of.

Lady. Put on your Mask.

Bet. Did not you say, you had a mind to see him, Madam.

Lady. I have, and speak to him; but he must not see my Face; but see, he makes this way.

Enter Woodvill, and Jack the Boy.

Wood. Boy, Which is the House?

Jack. Sir, they go in at one of these Garden Doors to it; but they are so much alike, I can't go directly to it; I'll knock, if you please, at one of them, and enquire.

Wood. What's here? Women, and Mask'd, I thought Vizards had been of no use at night; out of *London*, where they did not serve to invire us to a Face that had a mind to be seen; *Jack*, when you have found Sir *Thomas Testies*, wait for me at the end of the Walk.

Jack. Yes Sir——

(Exit.)

Wood. Ladies, is not the pleasure of the Walk lost, without company?

Not

Not to us, Sir; we think Two enough, and are best pleas'd when we are by our selves.

Wood. If one of you has hid a different Sex under her Petticoat, I cou'd believe you; but Two Women can only talk themselves into an Imagination of a Pleasure; they can never produce without the help of one of us.

Lady. Ay; — What's that, Sir, which we of our selves are not able to poss-ss, without your assistance.

Wood. Lookyee Child, if you have an inclination to be inform'd, leave your Friend and come with me to the other end of the Walk, and I'll shew you presently.

Lady. I do nothing without her, Sir; If you can't instruct us both together, we'll not Edifie alone.

Wood. Both together; — I'll give you leave to seem as ignorant as you please, if you have a mind not to understand me; but don't put me upon impossibilities; — If you'll retire with me one at a time, I'll promise you shall be both satisfy'd, before I leave you.

Ber. But how shall we be sure you'll keep your Promise? Have a care you don't put your self upon impossibilities.

Wood. 'Egad that's true too; I think I have been a little too forward; but come my Dear, what I want in Power, you shall find I have in Will, therefore don't lose time.

Ber. Who do ye speak to?

Lady. Aye; suppose we had a mind to take you at your word, which of us wou'd you chuse first? for I don't see yet to which you are inclin'd?

Wood. Nay, Gad, that I can't tell; unless you agree to pull off you Masks, you keep my Fancy in the dark.

Lady. And 'tis too tight I think to shew our Faces, after the liberty we have taken — How, or which way shall I contrive to keep him? If he leaves me now, perhaps I may never see him more; and he has staid too long already, to part with him for ever; think quickly, what shall I do?

Ber. I can't tell how to advise you, Madam, unless you take him this back way into the House with you; when we have him there, we shall have more time to consider what's best to be done.

Wood. Hal! What are they doing, drawing Cuts who shall be first serv'd; Ladies, pray let no Dispute arise between you upon my Account; I'm resolv'd to goe with her that's nearest my own temper;

temper; let the coldest Constitution withdraw, till the other and I have been a little better acquainted, and then——

Lady. Hold—Hold, Sir—Don't raise your Expectation too high, tho' the freedom we have given our selves, may cause a suspicion of our Conduct, you will not find us to be what you imagine.

Wood. I'm sorry for that; Are you what you seem to be Women?

Lady. Yes, but not fit for your Conversation, for we are Honest, yet were we willing to be otherwise, our Age wou'd want a Charm to provide for us.

Wood. Honest,—and Old—What, do ye study allays to my Courage, before I come to ingage—Ha!—Here's a plump smooth Arm; and your Speech does not betray any want of Teeth; and so far I'm sure, you are Young enough.

Lady. Your Ear has deceiv'd you then; for I want all my Teeth but three.

Wood. If you had two less than you have, I'm sure you have a Colt's-tooth, as long as there's a Stump left; therefore that shall be no hindrance. *[Pulling her.*

Lady. Hold, I say, where wou'd you have me?

Wood. Have thee, Child, why to the next Green Bank we come at; 'Tis true, the Place is not so well, as I cou'd wish it; but Love will make hard shifts.— See your Friend knows your Mind, she keeps her distance.

Lady. Forbear; and if it is in your Power to behave your self like a Gentleman, follow me, and as you shall deserve expect a Return; But first, for your Instruction, know you must put a Constraint upon your temper, and seem Virtuous, which I believe will cost you some pain to do.

Wood. Seem Virtuous! What a Pox do's she mean by Cramping of me?—Hark'ye Child, do's your Friend use to task her Lovers, as Conjurers do the Devil, with things Impossible.

Ber. Whatever task she designs for you; 'tis such, I believe you'd very willingly go through, if you knew the Reward wou'd follow.

Wood. Say'st thou so; I'gad I'll endeavour to guess, to encourage me.

*Whate'er it is? it can't but easie prove,
Enjoyn'd by Beauty, and repaid with Love.*

Exeunt.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Friendly and Floria.

Friend. **H**Owe'er you'r pleas'd to reproach me, Madam, I beg you'll think better of my Love, than to believe it has a Thought beyond your self: 'Tis true, I ask'd you of your Father; But I ask'd nothing else but you, that he might wishels for me to the World how much beyond it I preferr'd you.

Flo. Well; I'll not enquire any farther what your Reasons were; but whoever has me must receive me from my own Gift, and consequently without a Portion; for Sir Thomas parts with nothing that he can keep to himself; therefore, think before 'tis too late, how Love and Marriage may agree with you, where there is a Fortune wanting to support it.

Friend. I beseech you, Madam, If I am not wholly lost in your Esteem, name it not; I have Estate enough to make us both happy, if Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, and an Unexhausted stock of Love can do it.

Flo. Well; for once I'll try to believe you; and in the mean time, take this Confession, which I did not design so soon should a spoke my Inclinations, if I am not yours on those Conditions, I here promise never to be anothers.

Friend. O say that again; that the Sound may dwell in my Ears, and the business of my Life shall become my study to repay it.

Enter Maid.

Maid. O Madam, Madam, Sir Thomas has been enquiring for you all over the House, and has sent me and the rest of the Servants to look for you.

Flo. Then I must leave you.

Friend. Unhappy Chance! Speak, my Soul, when shall I see you again?

Flo. I know not; ——— When next I hear from you, If I can, I'll send you, word, till then ———

Friend. Ten thousand Angels dwell with my Love. *Exit Floria.*

Enter Jack.

Boy, where's your Master?

Jack. I left him here, Sir, when I came to you; and he order'd me to come to him to the end of the Walk, but I can't find him.

C

Friend.

Arise. Our staying so long, I believe, has ty'd his Expectation.
Come, let's go home. *(Exit.)*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Thomas Testie and Betty.

Sir Tho. Patience! What do'st thou preach Patience to me for, when thou know'st I have not so much left, as will stay the Roasting of an Egg.

Bet. aside. Had you as much as wou'd go to the building of *Rails*, I'm afraid you would have occasion for it.

It's very true, indeed, Sir, I must needs say, but where there's no Remedy, we must bear it; Alas! my poor Lady has a double Portion of Sorrow; First from her Sickness, and next to be kept from your Embraces, for sure, Sir, whatever you are pleas'd to think, I'm confident she loves you.

Sir Tho. Dost thou think so; I wish she'd give me a Reason to think so, for to me her sickness seems Apocryphal; she'll take nothing, though the Doctors and Apothecaries every Day send in as many Pots and Glasses, as would Kill or Cure a whole Parish.

Bet. Alas, Sir, Her weak Stomach loaths every thing that's offer'd her, if it has but the Name of Physick.

Sir Tho. Why, what's to be done then?

Bet. Sir, She has to day, through my perswasion taken a Cordial to strengthen her Stomach; and if to Night I can but get her to use something that's prepar'd for her, it will put her kindly to rest, and make her clear another Woman by the Morning.

Sir Tho. Say'st-a-so, my Girl; How thou reviv'st me What is't? Prithee tell me, what it is?

Bet. That your Worship shall know time enough; for if it agrees with her, it must be your Care hereafter to see that she has it often, or it will indanger a Relapse; In the meantime, Sir, your best care will be to Command the Family early to Bed; for if she be disturb'd in its Operation, it may prove of dangerous Consequence.

Sir Tho. I'll warrant thee, my Girl, not a Dog in the House shall dare to wag his Tail after she's in her Chamber; but prithee see that she has enough of it; and if she shews any disgust in the taking of it, bid her think of me, and that for my sake she must be prevail'd upon.

Bet.

Ber. aside. Nay, If she has the Pleasure (I should have) in using an Old Man as he deserves, she'll not forget ye; Though she'll have a stronger Motive to think of something else, when she's in the Arms of a Young Fellow that she likes. — Pray leave every thing to my management, and good Sir, be going early to Bed, and pray our Endeavours may prosper.

Sir Tho. Pray ——— Ay, Ay; Thou needs not fear but I'll pray, and I hope my Prayers will be heard, for I am not often troublesome. *(Exit.)*

Ber. So — I hope I've secur'd my Ladies pleasure, without the Fear of being disturb'd; Now to prepare the matter. *(Exit.)*

Enter Lady Testie, led in by Flora and Lucia.

Lady. Oh, Oh, ——— lead me to a Chair; Oh, Oh, ———
Betty, come hither.

Fla. Will your Ladiship be pleas'd to have any thing.

Lady. No, no; Nothing but a little more Air, if you please.
Oh, — Oh, ——— where is *Sir Thomas*, I thought I heard him with you, when my Fit took me?

Ege. No, Madam; If you please we'll send for him.

Lady. No, 'tis no matter; ——— My Distemper is such, it makes me fancy I see him oftner than I do.

Luc. I believe you see him oftner than you wish.

Fla. You may be sure of it; Can any Woman look upon a Husband of his Years, without fancying she's taking leave of the World; were I in her Condition, 'twou'd make me let the Sexton to Work without the help of a Physician.

Lady. Oh ——— Oh ———. *(aside to Betty.)* What have you done with the Gentleman?

Ber. I've dispos'd him, Madam, as you bid me; but I fear it will be impossible to conceal him there till bed time, from every body's knowledge.

Lady. I know it. *Sir Thomas* therefore I design shall see him, and bid him Welcome.

Enter Sir Thomas Testie.

Fla. 'Slife, here comes my Father, *Lucia*! How shall I avoid him?

Luc. The best way as I know, is to take your Heels, *Flora*.

[She's running off.]

Sir Tho. How now! What are you fear'd at the sight of me?

Come back here Gentlewoman, come back I say, thou Pimple of the Primitive *Hebe*, that like thy Grandmother *Eve*, will eat of no Fruit but what's forbidden thee; Pray, when is it forthwith, that we are to dance at your Wedding, hah? — Have you got the Man in the Mind yet, you are ready I know, let him come when he dares.

Flo. Sir, I'm never ready to do any thing I ought not to do; If I have receiv'd the Address of Mr. *Friendly*, 'twas because I thought I saw nothing in him, that you cou'd disapprove, and his Love and Fortune claim'd me; I return I but justly made him.

Sir Tho. God so, Madam; I beg your Pardon, get you to him then, if you think so; Go, get you gone to him then as fast as you can go; and let the Parson mumble ye together, that you may dance your Matrimonial Jigg without loss of time. Do you long to be Moulding of Cockledebread, hah; get you out of my sight, Hussey, go; Hold, now I think again, you shall not go, you shall stay here and hang at my Girdle like a Horn-Book, till I have learnt ye through.

Luc. You'd sooner crack your Brains with her, Old Gentleman; that I can tell you.

Sir Tho. But here, — here is my greatest Grief, all my other Afflictions are doubl'd and trebl'd in this one; and this will sink me to the Grave; How dost thou my Love? Is there no hopes of Comfort? Must I for ever live without the use of my self; or, like *Tantalus*, have the Meat at my Nose, and yet be forbid to Eat.

Lady. We must endeavour to be satisfy'd, my Dear; a little time will, I hope, restore me to my Health; you must needs think it is an equal trouble to us both, tho' my Sex forbids me to express so much of it as you do.

Sir Tho. Say'st-a-so; then I will be satisfy'd, if thou dost love me, I'll wait with more Patience than a Patriarch for thee.

See. You shall not need, Sir, I hope, if my Lady will be but rul'd.

Lady. O my Dear, this importunate Wench wou'd not let me alone, till I had promis'd to take something to night, that she had provided for me; tho' I fear the very sight of it will disorder me.

Sir Tho. The sight of it; why, what need you look upon it, take it in the dark; and if you can but get it into your Mouth,

Mouth, consider the good it will do you, and I'll warrant you'll get it down, therefore pray take it.

Lady. Why then I will my Dear, since you will have it so; pray come hither and lead me in; but hold, I have something to say to you first; *Betty* has been a very good Girl, and for that reason I will forbear to chide her, for her fault in admitting a Man to my House, with any design, without my Knowledge.

Sir Tho. A Man! What dost thou mean, hah! What Man, hah? What Man?

Bet. What Man, Sir——Why——

Lady. Hold your Tongue, and don't go about to excuse it.

Bet. With all my Heart; for I'm sure I'm at a loss to justify it.

Lady. 'Twas a fault, knowing how much *Sir Thomas* and I are your Friends; and wou'd rather promote a good Husband for you; than be your hindrance.

Bet. Say you say——Lies the Game there——[*Aside.*

Lady. This Gentleman, my Dear (for so it seems he is, and the only Son of a very good Family) has fortun'd to fall in Love with this foolish Girl, and comes unknown to them to Court her for a Wife; therefore pray *Sir Thomas*, if you can be any ways assistant in forwarding the matter, do it in consideration of her faithful Service to me.

Sir Tho. With all my Heart——*Betty*——Let me see him, and his Love shall not want encouragement, and if, my Life, thou dost recover thy Health, I'll make her a Fortune that shall deserve a Gentleman.

Lady. Go *Betty*, bring him hither——[*Aside.*]——and be sure you caution him how to behave himself, but keep him still, in ignorance of us and our purpose.

Bet. I will, Madam.——

[*Exit.*

Flo. What a dear Friend Dissimulation is to a Woman, how many mouldy Kisses has it sav'd my Mother-in-law, from my Fathers old bristly Beard.

[*Aside to Lucia.*

Luc. Why, d'ye think she dissembles?

Flo. Aye, as sure as thou do'st, when you cry you'll never Marry, and had rather have me for a Bed-fellow, than a Man.

[*Betty goes to her Lady, and whispers.*

Enter

Enter Woodvill and Betty.

Wood. 'Tis well they have taken pity of me, and suffer'd me to breath in a larger Room; I wish they may have Charity to reward my Sufferings, for I have been thrust into such a hole, that no body but a Beau, who fear'd being drub'd for Cuckoldom, cou'd a hid himself in it.

Lady. How! Not speak to him, say you?

Ber. I cou'd not, 'twas impossible, Madam.

Sir Tho. Odds so, a very handsome young Fellow; Sir, your Servant, y'are welcome, very welcome; and had I seen you before, and known your intent of coming hither, your Reception shou'd not a been conceal'd, what ever your Love was.

Wood. (Aside.) Reception and Love, What a Pox does the Old Fellow mean, my Puffy Mistress, I pickt up by Moon shine, has not brought me here, sure, to make a Jest of me; *(Looking on Florin and Lucia.)* Ha! there they are, by this light, a Couple of pretty Creatures; Now wou'd I part with any thing but my Manhood to know which of 'em I'm first to have a Fall with; for by their Discourse, I found they had both a mind to try my strength.

Luc. I perceive by the Lovers Silence, my Uukle has put him out of Countenance.

Flo. He looks like a likely Fellow; if he does not want a Tongue, *Betty* has made a good choice.

Sir Tho. Come, Sir, you seem surpriz'd that I'm privy to this matter; don't fear, I'm a Friend to her you love, and for her sake will assist you in this Business, farther than you imagine.

Wood. (Aside.) Egad, may be so, and perhaps farther than I desire; I Thank you, Sir, But however you came by your Knowledge, if she that brought me here, had been as wise as she ought to be, she had known you were no more fit to be acquainted with my Business, than you are to do it.

Sir Tho. Say you so, Sir; perhaps I mistake your Business, I thought 'twas Honourable, 'twas so represented to me; Sir, if it is otherwise, there's the Door, 'tis as wide as 'twas when you came in, you shall have no Coupling here, if you come not I God's name.

Wood. (Aside.) What does the old Blade mean, and who a Plague does he take me for?

Ber. ? Sir, as you hope to have a happy end of this Adventure *(Aside to Wood.)* Sure, Humour my Master's mistake, and seem to be what he'd have you.

Wood.

Wood What he'd have me——What's that——

Looking on the Maid, and sometimes on Sir Thomas.
ask your pardon——Sir,——if I've been unamannerly——I thought my Design had been conceal'd; but since it has come to your Knowledge, I hope you'll be my Friend as you've promis'd, for there is but few I care to trust with a Secret of this Nature.

Sir Tho. The fewer the better; what need any body know of it, but we that are present; but to prevent what may happen if they should let us come to a conclusion, What say you, will you to Bed together presently?

Wood. With all my Heart, Sir, this Minute if you please.
(Aside.) I-Gad this will be rare; I wish I knew how these witty Rogues have plor'd to gain the Old Man's helping Hand, to the Friendly Office of Pimping for me. But I find my Business is not to be inquisitive; I'm only to suffer my self to be led to the Feast; and when every thing is prepar'd, then fall to.

Sir Tho. Hold your Tongue, Huzzy, and say no more; it shall be as I'd have it——
(Aside to Betty.)

Lady. Indeed my Dear I think she's in the right, so suddain, and at this time of Night; it will not be decent.

Sir Tho. Decent; Fiddle Faddle; Strick while the Iron's hot; many accidents fall between the Cup and the Lip; if she don't know what's good for her self, I do; she'll make me a Curt'sie for it to Morrow Morning, and Thank me; go go, presently to Amen the Clerk, and bid him bring Mr. *Small Fyrbes*, the Vicar.

Wood. The Vicar, Sir——

Sir Tho. Aye? Why?——He'll do it as well as the Parson.

Wood. I-Gad, but he shan't, Thank you.

Sir Tho. Goe, Goe Girl, make haste, when 'tis done, 'tis done, you know.

Wood. Aye, and I know any thing the Parson does, is not to be undone by any body but the Hangman, and I'm not ready yet for either of their Noozes.

Lady. So, my Spark has made a fine hand on't; he has spoil'd his Part by over acting it.——*Betty*, think of some way as you go along to bring him off again.

Betty. If I shou'd, I fear he'd be gravell'd again, for 'tis Impossible he shou'd find his way thus in the Dark.

Wood.

Wood. Now I think again, Sir ———
I must intrude you defer this matter till a Canonical hour; for I sit
under an Obligation to a Deceas'd Grand-mother, not to marry
out of one; and tho' Dead I durst not disobey her Commands.

Sir Tho. Why, that's well said; I love thee the better for't:
But prithee let it be suddenly.

Wood. The sooner the better, Sir.

Sir Tho. What say you, to morrow Morning then.

Wood. With all my Heart. ——— By that time sure I may hope to
be able to expound this Riddle. [*aside.*]

Sir Tho. Very well. Niece and Daughter, entertain the Gentle-
man, while I wait on my Wife to her Chamber, and I'll be with
you again presently, Sir, your Servant.

Wood. Sir, I'm yours.

[*Exit.*]

Lady. Betty, hearken to their Discourse; and if any shou'd
happen to our prejudice, be ready to step in, and break it off.

[*Exit with Sir Thomas.*]

Bet. I will, Madam.

Wood. [*aside.*] I wish that Old Fellow had not taken his Wife
away with him; for my Temper at this time has inclin'd my Heart
more to the making of Cuckolds, than the Destruction of
Maiden-heads.

Flo. Now for a formal Bow, and a set Speech; these Country
Sparks approach all Women as they do their God-mothers, when
they ask 'em blessing.

Luc. I believe you'r mistaken, *Floria*; I fancy that Air will pro-
duce something more than you imagine.

Flo. I shou'd a fancy'd so too, if he had not made Love to my
Mother's Maid.

Wood. Now the Enemy is drawn off, Ladies, I hope we come to
a Close Parley again; for since I have seen your Faces, it has cost
me more Pain to hold my Tongue, than 'twou'd a Maid of Forty,
when she was bid say after a Parson for a Husband.

Fis. Say you so; Well, and now 'tis at Liberty, what have
you to say?

Wood. Nay, Gad, I think not much, for we were agreed in a
manner before we came hither; and what remains now, is to be
done, Child, and not said. ——— Come, set aside that Improper Face
upon the Matter, and shew me the way to your Chamber;

Fla. } Ha, ha, ha.

Wood. What a Pox do they laugh at!

Fla. Prithce Cousin, what does he mean?

Luc. Nay, I must ask you that, who brought him here?

Fla. I bring him here!

Wood. Pox; You brought me here between you and you shall share me between you, as far as I can go; therefore prithce let us Understand one another without more a-do.

Fla. } Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Luc. }

Wood. You may laugh, Ladies; but if you force me away with your Jest, I gad you shall cry for me, before you have me again.

Fla. } Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Luc. }

Luc. Good, Sir, have a Modest Opinion of your self, than to believe the loss of you wou'd cost either of us one Tear, though we were those very kind Fools you say we are.

Fla. No indeed, Sir; We are not so insour'd of your sweet Sex, (tho we must own here's a Scarcity in this Place to weep for any Man, tho he promis'd more to recommend himself, than any of your Mothers making.

Wood. Pray Madam, don't disparage my Mother's Huswifery; I think this Leg with the true proportion of my Body, shews the made as good Instruments to raise Succession to the Family, as any Daulful Wife in the Parish; and let me tell you, if you were not worse than an errant Widow, you'd say so too, but 'tis no matter; such as I am, I shall find somebody will know what it is to be thankful for me, and for them only will I keep my self, and so Ladies your Servant.

Fla. } Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Luc. }

Wood. Perhaps you think I won't go.

Luc. Sure he's Mad.

Fla. I believe so too; Good, Sir, let me ask ye one Question. You seem to be very well acquainted with us; Pray how long is it since, and where did our acquaintance first begin?

Wood. Come along with me, and I'll see a doctor for the
family; and as forgetful as you seem to be now, I'll don't give them
Reason to Remember it these Nine Months, I'm a Captain.

[*Pushing her.*

Enter Betty.

Bet. I'm afraid I've staid a little of the longest.
Sir, perhaps you'r weary with riding, and had rather be a body;
if you please I'll light you to your Chamber.

Luc. He does talk indeed as if he wanted sleep.

Bet. Madam, I believe my Lady will want you and Madam
Lucia's help, for she's grown exceeding ill.

Flo. I rather believe, Gentlewoman, you want our absence;
which shou'd we afford you, I fear will give you occasion to be
worse than you ought to be. [*Aside to Betty.*

Bet. Pray, what'd'ee mean, Madam?

Flo. Your pretended Lover here wears too thin a Disguise to
pass upon us, tho' he has upon my Father; a Gentleman of his
Sense is seldom so fond of Marriage, to have such an honourable
design upon a Chambermaid.

Wood. Ha; what's the Meaning of this? I honourable designs
upon any body!

Bet. I hope, Madam, you don't think I'd admit of any Thoughts
but what are so, I'm sure, Sir, if you have any you never shou'd
shew them to me, therefore pray don't let your Carriage be
such as may make the Young Ladies, or any body else, as I think
believe I wou'd suffer any evil Proceedings; and if you think so
you'll find your self mistaken, I'll tell you that, for all I'm a Poor
Servant, Sir.

Wood. The Devil's at Work for me, I find, by this Wench's
winking, but what I must do or say to help the matter forward,
I'm a Dog if I can tell.

Enter Sir Thomas Testic.

Sir Tho. Sir, my Wife continues very ill, and I cannot wait on
you, but I hope you'll be so kind to Command my House however.
Betty, Let the Gentleman have every thing that's fit to make him
welcome. Come Girls; Come here's no business for you, the Ladies
have the Lovers to themselves, come. [*Exit.*

Sir. be pleas'd to leave us here; and we'll wait upon you in a moment.

Sir Tho. To what end forsooth?

Flo. Sir, we have some reasons to suspect this Gentleman's pretensions to *Betty*; and before we leave him alone with her, my Cousin and I will enquire, if you please, a little more into the Truth.

Sir Tho. Humph— You enquire— What— What would you enquire? ha!— What wou'd you enquire?— What a mighty concern you have for every Morfel that goes by your own Mouth; You enquire.— You have such an Itch to know how matters stand towards Matrimony; you are for examining every body how 'tis with them. Pray now in, Pray do.— You enquire. *Ex. Manent Bet and Wood.*

Wood. Harkee Damsel, you that can tell, now the Coast is clear— Pray let me know what's my business here; and how am I to be employ'd to Night?

Bet. What your Business will be, Sir, I can only guess; but mine is to light you to a good Bed, and clean Linnen; a Bed-fellow I can't promise you, but shou'd you happen to find one you like, I hope you'll remember your Benefactor.

Wood. *(Aside.)* Well hinted— that I will, and to assure thee I'll keep my word, there's earnest for thee;— But may not I guess who this may be?

Bet. That you may, Sir, and be deceiv'd;— But if you hit the Nail on the Head, I must not tell you.

Wood. Come, thou shalt tell me; and tell me against thy Will; I'll force thee to't.— *Officer her Name.*

Bet. I must not indeed, Sir, but if you'll follow me, I will endeavour to carry you, where you shall inform your self.

Wood. With thou, that's better still;

Sure as the last we shal the Clew unwind,

At least the Ball is not the Bottom find.

(Exeunt.)

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Friendly and Robin, Servant.

Friendly. I Wish I cou'd guess where my Friend is: If we were in London, I shou'd believe some Petticoat Companion had pick'd him up; but here's no Traders; and for any other

Woman, — he has had time to be here for his sister —
Did that Country-fellow without come to me.

Rob. Yea, Sir.

[Exit Rob.]

Enter Hob.

Friend. *Hob.* Can'st thou carry this Letter to Sir *Thomas Testica* House for me?

Hob. Yes, Sir.

Friend. Do so; and give it to *Madam Flara*; but take care no Body sees you deliver it.

Hob. Yes, Sir, — But must I carry it to Night, 'tis very dark?

Friend. You must go immediately.

Hob. I hope, Sir, there's no difference between you and Sir *Thomas*?

Friend. Why dost thou hope so?

Hob. Why truly, Sir, I do hear there is; and if so, I shan't greatly care to meddle or make between Friends, that I must tell you, for 'tis but an unthankful Office; besides, you know Sir *Thomas* is a Man that's very curst; and if he do's but respect I concern my self between you, may hap he may take the Law of me.

Friend. Pish, the Law of thee, no, no, I'll secure thee from any harm.

Hob. Very well, Sir, very well, that's as much as I can desire; But pray don't take unkindly what I say; for you know no Man is willing to bring himself into a primure if he can help it.

Friend. No, no, prithee be gone.

Hob. I will, Sir, I will — for — for — Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to read the Subscription for me.

Friend. 'Sdeath, how I'm tortur'd with this foolish Fellow? and I can send no Body else, without being suspected; don't trouble thy self with the Subscription, but deliver it as I bid thee.

Hob. Very good, Sir, very good; — 'tis main dark; Wou'd it not do as well, Sir, if I shou'd carry it in the Morning? — I had rather carry it in the Morning.

Friend. Why so?

Hob. Why truly, Sir, I'll tell you; — At the lower end of Sir *Thomas's* Orchard, one of our poor Neighbours, being in a dispiriting condition, has gone and hang'd himself; — Now there is some does say who have seen him, how that he walks by Night in several shapes.

Friend.

Hob. No indeed, Sir, I'm not afraid, I thank Providence, I
defie the Devil, and all his Works.

Friend. A Pox upon thee then, get thee gone.

Hob. Tho' I must tell you, I have a great conceit that he will ap-
pear to me; for you must know, to Morrow the Crowner's Quest
do's sit upon him, whereof, d'ye zee, I am to be one; and who knows
but he may have something upon his Spirits that may make him
break his Mind to me; and if so—Let me tell you, I'm afraid it will
make a bad Day for some Body: For if Sir *Thomas* had kept his
Fences whole, may hap this Man had never been tempted to 'gone
into his Ground to 'a Hang'd himself: But be it as it will, I'll do
your Business for you; therefore pray take you no care, Sir.

Friend. Prithce about it then.

Hob. Aye, aye, I'll warrant you, I'll warrant you, don't trouble
your self no further.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. Room, Table, Book and Candle.

Enter Woodvill, in a Night Gown.

Wood. Adventures of this kind, that look with the face of a
Reward, make Expectation great and unlesse; but mine has been
so often jilted, since I've been here, I begin to with it Morning, that
I might go home and laugh at my self for my dam'd impertinent
Curiosity—Yet methinks this Business should not end so; if this
Virgin, Wife, or Widow, or what the Devil she is I know not;
(that do's tricke me) thou'd suffer me to sleep to Night, with a bare
Pillow in my Arms; may she have the Curse of always lying alone,
and never know the use of a Bedfellow. *[Sees a Book on the Table.]*
Now now, what's here, a Book? As I'm a Whore-master, an
arrant Pray'r-Book: Let me see what Title do's it bear—*The*
Crosse of Comfort—A Plague of your Dyet;—Is that
feeding for a Gentleman?—Now have I a good mind to read
and be Converted; fall a singing of Psalms, and disturb the
whole Family;—But that's to mortifie my self now I think
not; I'll e'en go to Bed, and try to forget 'em.

[Puts out the Candle, and is going to Bed.]

Enter

Enter Lady Tellie, in a Night-Gown.

Lady. So, now the Candles out, I may with safety venture:—
Sir.—Sir.—

Wood. Ha! Who's there?

Lady. A Friend.

Wood. What wou'd you have?

Lady. I'm come for Satisfaction for a Wrong you've done in coming hither to seduce my Mistress from me.

Wood. Your Mistress; Who are you?

Lady. A Gentleman.

Wood. Then good Gentleman, go and fetch a Light, and you shall have what you come for presently; tho' the Devil take me, if I'm acquainted with either thee or thy Mistress that I know of.

Lady. Sir, there needs no Light, the Dark is fitter for my Revenge, therefore guard your self as well as you can, for I have more Swords than my own to assist me.

Wood. Ha! then I fear I'm fallen into the hands of a Villain, not of a Gentleman; but come, I'm bound to try it, come on.

Lady. Hold, Sir, hold a little, 'Sift if he shou'd make me Imit for my Fooling; 'twou'd make but an ill Jest;—Pray, Sir, suspend your Fury a while, here will happen no danger, unless you apprehend any from a Woman.

Wood. A Woman!—I thought indeed the Voice did not sound very much like a Hero's,—But how shall I know you're a Woman? You've accosted me but oddly.

Lady. Can't you tell how to find that out?

Wood. I don't know saith, I cou'd a done; I'll try.

Lady. Pray put up your Weapon first.

Wood. Aye, that I will; I think this is too sharp for a Woman's use, But why came you in the Dark?

Lady. For fear you shou'd not like me in the Light.

Wood. It must be a very ill Face that can't recommend it self to one Night's Lodging—Prithee let me take a Kiss to sweeten my Imagination however: [*Kisses.*]—Ha,—A plump smooth Lip, and a Breath sweet as a new pluck'd Rose;—Now say thou'rt a Blackamoor if thou wilt, for nothing else this can turn my Stomach.

Lady. Where are you pulling me?

Wood.

Wood. Pulling thee, why to bed?

Lady. Hold, nor is that;—I'm come myself to give my self wholly to you, but e're I do so, you must promise me something to deserve it.

Wood. That I will, my Dear, say thing.

Lady. But will you perform what you promise?

Wood. Don't doubt it; What is it?

Lady. To esteem this Favour, as it is the first I ever granted to any, and in return I wear, to love me as long as you live.

Wood. Humph—That's a little hard, before I see your Face.

Lady. When I think fit to shew it you, and it prove not a Tolerable one, you shall be dissolv'd from your Oath.

Wood. That's fair, as a Man can desire.

Lady. Swear then.

Wood. I do; By the dear Pleasure I'm going to possess; upon that Condition, I swear to love thee, and only thee, to the end of my Life.—*(Aside.)*—Whatever we believe of a Woman before Enjoyment, we seldom like 'em so well to think 'em tolerable after it; so there's no great fear of my being forsworn; Come, dear Rogue, come.

Lady.—*(Aside.)*—What a lightness do I wear to seem the thing I am not? Love is too powerful in me to be this Airy thing he takes me for, and before I leave him, I fear I shall betray it, which yet I wou'd not do.

Wood. What means this Pause Child? I hope no foolish Qualms to check your Reason.

Lady. No, Sir; Only a few Ejaculations before I go to Execution, and now dispose of me as you please.

Wood. Then Heaven have mercy upon thy Soul, for I shall have little on thy Body. *[Pulls her, and the Scene shuts upon 'em.]*

Enter Sir Thomas in a Night-Gown, and Servant.

Sir Tho. Are you sure no Body has been here, to speak with my Daughter from Mr. Friendly?

Serv. Not that I know of, Sir.

Sir Tho. No; nor no Messenger sent from my Daughter to him?

Serv. I can't tell, Sir; I did not see any.

Sir Tho. Sirrah, stand you here and watch, till towards Morning, and see if you can observe any Body walking about the House.

Serv. Sir—*Sir*—Yonders some Body with a Light coming down the Field.

Sir Tho. Stand still then, and observe.

Enter Hob, with a Candle and Lanthorne.

Hob. So;—This is the House;—Now let me see, how shall I go about to this same business? if this Old Fox *Sir Thomas* shon'd chance to spye me, he'll maul me for certain: But let me alone, I'll be cunning enough for him, I'll warrant me; if he sees me, he must have more Eyes then two—Hold,—hold,—Now let me see for this same Letter;—Oh, here it is;—For *Madam Flacc*—*Flacc*—*Madam Flacc*. [*Sir Thomas snatches the Letter.*]

Sir Tho. Where are you carrying this Letter Friend?

Hob. Letter, *Sir*.

Sir Tho. Letter, *Sir*—aye Letter, Who did you bring it from?

Hob. Bring it from, *Sir*; I brought it from no Body, not I.

Sir Tho. How came you by it?

Hob. By it, *Sir*?—Why I found it in my Pocket.

Sir Tho. Found it in your Pocket;—What did it glow there?—Ha?—Where are you going with it?

Hob. Going with it, *Sir*;—I don't know where I was going with it, not I.

Sir Tho. What d'ee here at this time of Night?

Hob. I can't tell what I do here, *Sir*, not I;—I'll go home, *Sir*, if you please;—God buy t'ee, *Sir*;—I wish you a good Night.

Sir Tho. Hold,—hold a little, Friend; let me reward you first for bringing of it however.

Hob. Not a Farthing, *Sir*, indeed, I must not take one Farthing; for *Mr. Friendly* charg'd me to the contrary, therefore pray don't offer it.

Sir Tho. O-ho—Did he so? But something I will give you however; pray take that, and that, and that Sirrah. [*Beats him.*]

Hob. O Lord—O Lord—What d'ee strike me for? What d'ee strike me for? A fore God I'll take the Law of you, for all I done; What d'ee go to Murder me?

Sir Tho. Will you please to give me your Answer? — Are you that
Carrier? There's more for you, Sirrah.

Tha. Bare Witness — bare Witnesses; — see an you don't pay
for this; O Lord! O Lord!

Sir Tho. Sirrah, see him out of my Ground. [Exit Omnes.]

Enter Woodvill and Lady as from Bed.

Wood. O Night, thou darling Friend to active Love, keep still
thy Mantle spread, and hide us from the World. Beauty needs no
light but its own, to see the way to Joy; — Why? — Oh! —
Why my Love, will you be gone so soon? The few short hours
we've lov'd, has given us but a taste of what we might possess.

Lady. Do not ask me more than I'm willing to give; what I
have already done, might sure convince you that I had rather stay,
had I not more weighty Reasons so soon to leave you.

Wood. Go not till the Day is broke.

Lady. That you may see my Face; — Go, I shou'd chide your
Ungrateful Curiosity; Will you contribute nothing to spare my
Blushes? Think what I've done, the Jewel I have parted with; and
no security for your faith, but a promise of a moment's groth, what
shou'd 'a been dearest to me, like a Toy, I've thrown away; and to
compleat me wretched, you may desire my Ruine.

Wood. Can it be your Ruine to make my Happiness compleat?

Lady. Whilst I'm Conceal'd, shou'd you prove unkind, 'twould
rob me but of Life; but if Expos'd, take from me, Life and
Reputation.

Wood. You allay my satisfaction, when you doubt my Love, and
both that and Honour tie me to secure your Reputation.

Lady. If you have either, I conjure you do not ask it any more;
when 'tis fit you shou'd know me better, Love of it self will betray
me to you; — for 'twill not be in my power to conceal my self.

Wood. Tell me then, when I shall be so blest?

Lady. I cannot; but if in the mean time, it will stay your
Curiosity to be admitted here another Night, perhaps I may be per-
suaded to Morrow or next Day to write to you, till then fare-
well; I know your Lodging.

Wood. O do not stay till the next day, let it be to Morrow,
and to Morrow, and every Morrow; let every day be fed with

E

Expectation!

Expectation of the approaching Night, and every Night like this, but with a more lasting Ecstasie.

Lady. How unwillingly my Legs convey me hence; and yet they trembl'd when they brought me here; my Virgin fears hang heavy on my Limbs, and feebl'd all my Joynts! O Love how strange are all thy ways! With dread thou leadst us where we long to be, and when possess'd of what we come for, with double pain conveys us back again. [Exeunt.]

Enter Flora and Lucia.

Flo. Prithee don't rail at him any more; thou hast done enough already to convince me you love him.

Luc. I cou'd almost be angry with you for saying so; tho' I know you don't think so.

Flo. Indeed I do; and shou'd he Marry *Betty* to Day, (as I'm sure that's but a pretence to farther some other design, he has in coming here) it would break thy Heart.

Luc. You think me very amorous sure to be so smitten with a Man at first sight?

Flo. You can't help it if you are.

Luc. But why d'ye think I am?

Flo. I'll answer you with another Question: Why wou'd you not let me sleep last Night for Talking of him?

Luc. Who began it?

Flo. I did; because I thought the Discourse wou'd please you.

Luc. For what reason?

Flo. Because all the Evening you did as you do now, Blush when any Body spoke of him.

Luc. Who can forbear it, to hear you Talk so?

Flo. No Body indeed in thy Condition;—Come prithee *Lucia* don't vail thy Heart from me; for if thou dost, I'll certainly make thy Case known, and tell *Betty* what a Rival she has.

Luc. I find it is but a folly to say any thing to you; but d'ee really think he can be so in Love with that foolish Girl?—A Man, to all appearance, so much above a Thought so low, methinks 'tis an Injustice to him to believe it, such a Meen and Air in all he says and does, so free and unaffected his Discourse, it creates a Delight in all that hear him.

Flo.

Flo. His Wit indeed is very engaging.

Luc. Ay, is it not? And when he addresles——— *[Two]* It is not in a stile so awful as the finest Vertue wou'd expect; yet it charms beyond the Oratory of a God.

Flo. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Luc. Why do you Laugh?

Flo. Only at your not being in Love, *[Lucia holds down her Head, hides her Face with her Fan, and runs away.]*
Madam. What a Tyrant is this little Deny? Not satisfy'd with having us poor Virgins in his power, but must shew us in our Fetters; you need not run away from me *Lucia*, for if thy Malady encrease, the Cordial of a Friends advice will soon fetch thee to me again. *[As she is going off, Enter.*

Enter Hob, and Country People with a Man Dead-Drunk.

Hob. Come Neighbours, bring him along, and set 'em down here, for he must be examin'd, before we part with 'em.

Flo. How now Friends; What Body's that you've got?

Hob. Body,——— This no Body forsooth; this is a Carcase, one that was a wicked Body.

Flo. What has he done?

Hob. Why he has Hang'd himself.

Flo. Alas poor Wretch! What was the Cause?

Hob. The Cause;——— Why he's Marry'd, and has a Wife and six Children.

Flo. Is that a Cause for a Man to Hang himself? What is he?

Hob. What is he? Why he's a *Jacobite*, and he Hang'd himself, because he would not pay double Taxes.

Flo. Pish;———

[Exit:

Clown. Come Neighbour *Hob*, you that can tell, pray let us know what we are to do.

Hob. Why we that are the Crowner's Quest, the Law says, must enquire how he came by his Death.

Clown. But of whom must we enquire?

Hob. Why, of they that can tell, and no Body knows that so well as himself.

Clown. Well, but he's Dead.

Hob. Why ay, so it seems; and he must be Bury'd if we say he must; and if we say not, it may be not neither.

Clown. I suppose that's as we shall find him guilty; therefore pray tell me, Neighbour *Hob*, whether you think a Man that Hangs himself, is guilty of his own Dearth, or no.

Hob. Why truly that's a hard case to judge, Neighbour *Clumsey*.

Clown. I think now, that he is guilty.

Hob. Hold, hold, take heed, don't be too rash;—for your Conscience must be Umpire in this Case:—Look'ee—I put this Point to you now, Whether every one that Hangs himself, is willing to die?

Clown. I,——I,——Sure he is willing.

Hob. Now I say no, for may-hap he might be *Non Complementus*, and if a Man be *Non Complementus*, he don't know his own Mind.

Clown. That's true indeed; but now being Dead, pray who must answer the King for the loss of his Subject?

Hob. Marry he that Hang'd his Subject: That was himself.

Clown. Nay, nay, 'twas the Halter that hang'd him.

Hob. Aye, in some sort it did; but that was in *se Offendens*, for it may be he went to break the Rope, and the Rope held out in his own defence.

Clown. But is not this same Rope-maker now that made the Rope, in some danger?

Hob. No, no, the Rope-maker can be in no fault;—for d'ce see, when he makes the Rope, he goes backwards, and how can he see before, what shall follow after?—Nor indeed is the Rope in fault, for may be he might urge the Rope *Solus Volence*, as the Law says, neither is he himself in fault, for may be his Time was come, and he was born to be Hang'd:—Therefore I do conclude that he was Conscious and guiltless of his own Death.

Clown. Why then Neighbour, he may be buried.

Hob. O, of great reason, always he that is alive must die, and he that is dead must be bury'd.

Clown. Yet truly I think in my Conscience, he does not deserve to be Bury'd.

Hob. O you speak partioussly Neighbour *Puzzle-pate*;—not deserve to be Bury'd, I say he deserves to be Bury'd alive, that shall Hang himself; therefore don't Take of that.

Clown. Well, but what must we do with his Cloaths?

Clown.

Clown. His Cloaths, why they are the Hangman's.

Clown. Why then he must have 'em himself.

Hob. Hold, hold,——This is a shrewd point of Law, and must be well handled; Did he make a Will?

Clown. No, he dy'd dereftable.

Hob. Why they fall to the right Heir Male; for look'ee d'ee see, the Female can inherit no Breeches, unless she can prove she wore them in her Husband's Days.

Clown. But suppose he has no Heirs at all?

Hob. Why then they go to the chief Mourner,——and look'ee d'ee see, that will be I, I will take his Cloaths; here now I begin with his Cloak,——there now——let every one take a quarter of him, and I'll follow with doleful Lamentation.

Clown. Why then, we have done Neighbour, have we?

Hob. Ay, ay.

Clown. How dolefully you look Neighbour?

Hob. Why, aye; 'tis the fashion so to do; I'm chief Mourner, I must be sad. [Exeunt Omnes.]

Enter Roger and another Servant.

Rog. Art thou sure he's Drunk?

Serv. I'm sure I left him Dead-drunk.

Rog. Then I believe they take him for the Man you gave our hang'd himself in Sir Thomas's Orchard to fright the Boys from stealing the Fruit.

Serv. I believe so too, therefore prithee let us make haste for fear they bury him alive.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Woodvill and Friendly.

Friendly. **T**IS strange you shou'd not see her Face, but when you tell me you love her, I must laugh at you; what if you have enjoy'd her, 'twas in the dark, and in the same minute your fancy painted her a *Penny*, you might ha' suppos'd her a Bowdy, and yet ha' been more just to her.

Woodvill

Wood. Aye, but I'm never such an Enemy to my pleasure, to suppose her the last, when I'd more reason to believe her the first; but *Frank* you mistake me; if you think 'tis her I love; no, that's unpracticable after Enjoyment; dear Rogue, 'tis the Married Woman I told thee of, that has charm'd my heart; and I have some reason to believe hers is not impenetrable.

Friend. Why, d'ee believe it? You durst not sure tell her so?

Wood. Why not, her Complexion promis'd me a hearing, and having an opportunity as I was coming away this Morning, thro' the Garden where she was walking, I spoke to her, and told her, the feign'd Love I own'd last Night for her Servant, was a Plot I had brib'd her Maid to assist me in, to get an opportunity to confess the real one I had for her.

Friend. Very good; — and no doubt but she believ'd you.

Wood. She seem'd at first a little surpriz'd, but before I left her, I prevail'd so far, to gain a promise to see her again; and how much that may conduce to a good conclusion, you may imagine.

Friend. How do you know, but this may be the same Woman you lay with last Night.

Wood. Prithee don't call my Judgment in question; canst thou believe me so raw a Gamester not to know a Maid from a Married Woman.

Friend. I know not what you may do; but I'm sure 'tis a Secret I'm yet to learn; but come you must go along with me, *Flora* has sent me word to day will be kept a Wake before their house, and if in the Crowd she can get loose from her Father, we may chance make work for the Parson.

Wood. I'm sorry for't, I had rather help you to make work for the Midwife, I don't care to meddle where the Church is concern'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Lady and Betty.*]

Lady. Is not that he, see.

Bet. It is Madam.

Lady. Follow him, and give him this.

Bet. To what end, Madam; you have found him false already.

Lady. Dispute not my Commands, but fly. [*Ex. Betty.*]
He has undone me, if he leaves me not, which I too justly fear; for he has already discover'd the Inconstancy of his Sex, and what he promis'd me unknown at Night, in the Morning broke to me, when he took me for another.

[*Enter*]

Enter Betty.

How now ! Did you give it him ?

Bet. I did, Madam; and he'll see you he says.

Lady. Doft not think he fufpects me to be her that was with him laft Night ?

Bet. No, Madam; but believing me to be confident to both her and you, he has brib'd me to keep you ignorant to each others Loves, and affift him in your feveral Intrigues.

Lady. Perjur'd bafe Villain ! Why am I fated to Love, and not the Infection on my Lips, that when his flattery wou'd feal my ruine, he there might meet his own. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *A Fair.*

Enter Old Hob and his Wife, with Benches to fet at the Door and Farms.

Wife. Come, Husband, good now make hafte; the Town will be full of People, before we fhall get fitted.

O. Hob. Don't trouble thy felf Wife, every thing within Doors is ready; and there is nothing wanting without but the Sign to be put up, and look'ee, that fhall be done prefent; *Hob—Hob—*

Hob. within. What fay you Father ?

O. Hob. Go and Tap th' Ale, quick, quick.

Hob. Aye, aye Father.

O. Hob. There——Now he that will drink good Ale, let e'n come to th' Sign' oth' Potlid. Come, Wife let's to our bufinefs within. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Friendly and Woodvill: Sir Thomas, Flora, and Lucia at the Balcony.

Friend. If thefe Difguifes will let us ftand unfufpected, we may be able to attempt fomething to gain my *Flora's* freedom.

Wood. Ay, and lofe thy own.

Friend. Yonder ſhe is with her pretty friend; and old *Argus* that ſticks to 'em, like Murder to a troubl'd Conſcience.

Wood. (Afide.) Ha! Are thefe the Jewels of ſuch virtue ?
One

One of them I'm sure has none to boast of; nor will she ever believe, be a Martyr for her Honour.

Friend. Now Ned, tell me, How dost like my Mistress?

Wood. Like her?

Friend. Ay, like her?

Wood. Very well for a Mistress.

Friend. A Mistress!

Wood. Ay, why dost think I can like her for any thing else?

Friend. I do, Sir, and think my self happy in my Choice.

Wood. I'm glad you'r so pleas'd, Sir, I can have her at a cheaper rate.

Friend. Ha! — What d'ee mean?

Wood. What do you mean?

Friend. Not to hear any thing dishonourably spoken of her I Love, tho' by my Friend.

Wood. Hum — (*Aside*) — Nor ought I indeed in honour, if it was she that did me the favour last night, tho' it be to my Friend, Come, prithe smooth thy Brow, *Frank*, thou knowest I have but a loose Opinion of all Women, which but seldom will let me speak well of any, tho' they deserve it.

Friend. Good Manners shou'd correct that ill Custom in a Gentleman, and for your own sake, pray be perswaded to forget it.

Wood. Grave Sir, I shall Edifie — (*Aside*) — in the knowledge of my Mistress, I hope, the next time I have her at *Blindman's-Buff*, or she shall keep my Head in the Bag.

Sir Tho. Come Gentlemen, if you must see the Pastime, you may have as fair a Prospect of 'em here, as you can in the Crowd, and with less danger to your Reputations.

Luc. Our Reputations! In what can they suffer, amongst such people as resort here?

Sir Tho. Why these are Men, and fitter for Womens use than Finical Fops, that have only the appearance of Men; meer outsidings, the signs of Men; and such I have known a Woman fond of.

Luc. 'Tis very hard Sir, we can't be where we like best, I think we are at Age to look after our selves.

Sir Tho. Aye, if you had but Grace to take care of your selves too.

Flo. Women at our years, know how to make their choice; or if we did not we are seldom instructed by ill usage.

Sir Tho.

Flo. ———— do you want to have your Legs at liberty?
Flo. If I do, I can have patience; for I shan't want it long, unless you cou'd confine my inclinations too.

Sir Tho. Let me come at her, — let me come at her, — what does she prait again to me? You are one to be intrusted with your self indeed, look'e here else, witness this Letter, I got scouting from your Lover to ye; d'ye see here I can't read it now for want of my Spectacles, but here he says how that she has given him a new life, from the last favour she was pleas'd to grant him; — Hark'ee Hussey, what favour was that you were so pleas'd to grant him, tell me, for I will know what that favour was?

Flo. I don't know what you mean Sir?

Sir Tho. What, not by the last favour? — Afore God i'll have her search't; — i'll know how far the honour of my Family was concern'd in that last favour of hers; — I will Gentlewomen, And sure I shall find an Expedient too, to keep you asunder, if Locks, and Bolts, and Barrs can do it: — Odso well remember'd, let me see if my Doors are all fast, and then if you can shuffe Love through the Key-hole, withall my heart. [Exit.

Luc. Prithee see *Flora*, if I'm not mistaken, one of those men yonder looks like your lover *Friendly* in disguise.

Flo. And the other the very *Sperk* that lay here last night, I now begin to think *Friendly* employ'd him about that piece of Knight Errantry; to get news from our enchanted Castle, or to try if thou hadst Chrams enough to engage him to yoke with his friend.

Luc. Why d'ye think so?

Flo. Because there are few men that marry in this Age; but are ashamed of their fortune; and wou'd therefore draw in as many of their friends as they can to Countenance their folly as they call it.

Luc. I have a better opinion of your Lover, *Flora*.

Flo. He's oblig'd to ye Madam.

Enter Hob with a blue Apron on.

Hob. Ch'am coming, Ch'am coming; your Servant Mr. *Friendly*, I'm glad to see you; you'r welcome to th' Fair.

Friendly. I thank the Honest *Hob*.

Hob. I shou'd know that Gentleman, — Master *Woodvill* I think.

Wood. Aye *Hob*, how dost do?

Hob. O Lord Master, how d'ye do? Faith I'm glad to see you with all my heart; Lord a mercy upon us; how strangely you be grown since you have been over-Sea; — Come, pray sit you down — *Master Friendly,* — Come pray stay, and drink one Pott afore you go.

Friend. Prithce let us sit down, or this fellows impertinence will make us be observ'd.

Wood. What do'st thou do with an Apron *Hob?*

Hob. A Dod, I put 'em on but just now; Father will do as Neighbours do, and every one i'th Town a most sells Ale on Fair day, but now we sell several other sorts of liquor; and Wine too an occasion be.

Wood. Wine?

Hob. Aye, all sorts of Wine.

Wood. Sayest a so, bring us some Claret then.

Hob. Claret Sir, we've no Claret, we must not sell Claret; 'tis against the Law, now you may have some of your Port, your read Port now, or your white Port or such sort of Stuff.

Wood. Such stuff as thou hast then, Prithce bring us.

Hob. Yes Sir, — (*is going and then turns back.*) — Now in my mind Sir, — what d'ye think of a little Sack, a little Sack now, and some of your Sugar i't, is main good.

Friend. Prithce bring, what thou lik'st best thy self — For I'm sure 'twill please no palate but thy own. [*Exit. Hob.*]

Wood. I fear *Frank*, your project will not answer your end, for I see no way of getting at the Ladies.

Friend. There is but little hopes indeed *Ned*, since I see the doors shut, and the old Knight in their Company; fortune may do something unexpectedly to befriend us.

*Enter Hob with two Black Potts, a Trencher with Tobacco,
Pipes, and Bread and Cheese upon it.*

Hob. Ch'am coming, Ch'am ooming, here Sir.

Wood. Where's the Sack?

Hob. Sack Sir, — Od I don't know, I thought you said you had rather have Ale — Ale is indeed much wholsomer now, for your English Stomaches; — for my Part, I'd rather have Ale now; *Master Woodvill*, bite a bit afore you drink: — Come and mean time I'll put a little Sugar i'th Ale, and make it as good as I can for you: — Come Sir, against your dispos'd — [*He drinks all.*]

Wood. Thank ye *Hob*, this fellows kindness will poyson me before I go hence.

Friend.

Friend. Not whilst you have such a Teller; for I don't see that he intends to leave you any.

Hob. A Dod 'tis main good Sir;—will you have t'other Port Sir?

Wood. No, prithee drink this too, and then fetch us a Couple.

Hob. Yes Sir,——I will, I will. *[Drinks and Exit.*

[Enter Country-men.

Sir Tho. above, Come my merry Country-men, every man take his Lads, and give us a Dance or two, and then wee'll have the Cudgells, out.

Enter Hob with the Potts of Ale, stares on the Dancers and Dance——minds not the Gentlemen.

Clown. Yes, an't like your Worships, we are all ready, come Scratch strike up.——*Dance.*

Hob. Aye marry Sir, well done *Ralph*; set to 'en *Joane*, set to 'en.

Hob's. Mother within. *Hob, Hob.*

Hob. Ch'm coming, Ch'm coming (*he Sings*) Toll, toll, in *Mary*, Sides all now, sides all.

Friend. Hob, Hob.

Hob. Ch'm coming, Ch'm coming Master, toll, toll, &c.

O. Hob within.] Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, Ch'am coming, what a Plague ails my Father trow? and old Fool! Ud bled he makes more a noise,——set to now, *William*, sh' rarely done; in *Mary*, O dainty *Mary*, turn her about now *John*, now, now, a murrain, you're quite out: Hold, hold, ye are all out, look *Ralph* shou'd a cast off, and while *John* had turn'd *Mary* about, *Thomas* shou'd a led up *Nan*, and *Joan* met *Ralph* at Bottom again, mean while *John* shou'd a sided with *Mary*; and then *Mary* shou'd back to back with *Ralph*, and then *Thomas* had come in again in his own place, and so all had been right. Come begin again, strike up scratch, Toll, toll, doll, toll, &c.

O. Hob within.] Hob! Hob! Where be ye?

Hob. Ch'am coming, Ch'am coming, what the Devil can't you be quiet a bit, toll, toll, &c.

Enter Old Hob.

O. Hob. Hey day, hey day, this is rare sport, I Gad, I'll strap you, ye base Rogue you; must you be dancing here, and your Mother and I at work. *[Stricks him.*

Hob. Hey day! what's the matter now? what, must I be beat all the days of my life?

O. Hob. Ye Goodwife Anne, mind your husband's trick, do ye, yonders your poor Mother within a serving and a serving till she swears again, and no body to draw one drop of Beer, Sirrah.

Hob. I don't care a farthing, I won't draw a drop more if you go to thiar, do your worst, and take your Course.

O. Hob. Sirrah, come ye in, and don't ye stand dancing here, don't ye.

Hob. I won't go in, so I wun't, if that trouble ye; I will Dance, and Dance again — *Angerly, toll, toll, &c.*

O. Hob. Aye thou'rt an untoward Boy as e're was born; Mercy forgive me for begitting the. [*Exit. Enter Roger.*]

Hob. Marry come up, what's here to do I trow?

Clown. Here's the Cudgels an't like you, will your Worship please to have us begin.

Sir Tho. Aye, Aye, by a'l means make hast Roger, and bring forth the Hatt and the Favour.

Roger. Here it is, an't please ye.

Sir Tho. Hang it up there, and he that wins it, let him wear it: The first *Sommerfetshireman* that breaks a Head, here's half a Crown for him to drink; and he that breaks that Rogue *Hob's* head, shall have another.

Hob. Shall he — look'e, he that breaks my Head, shall have somewhat to do, i'll tell you that, let'en be who he will, he shall earn his Money, Ecod ill rib'en — And look'e, so begin here i'll take up the Cudgel, — And now let the best man here, take up t'other, an he dare, if he be a *Sommerfetshireman*, let'en be a *Sommerfetshireman*, — I fight for *Glossershire*; I don't care who knows it.

Sir Tho. At him, at him there — What, is there no body dare venture upon him? Neighbour *Puzzle-pate*, take up the t'other Cudgell.

Puzzle. Not I an't please you, I have enough of'en alicady, he broke my Head but last Week.

Sir Tho. Roger. — Sirrah, do you take up the Cudgel, and thrash him, do'e hear — thrash him soundly Sirrah.

Roger. I can't promise that Sir, I'll do me best, I'll break his head if I can in Love; and if he breaks mine, much good may do him.

Friend. This is as I cou'd wish; If *Hob* does but get the better of the Combat, the Testy Knight will certainly be provok'd to come down, and then we shall have sport.

Head. Prithce let's encourage him then; O brave *Hob*, now for *Glossershire Hob*. *Hob.*

Hob. I warrant ye Master, let me at it.

Friend. Here *Hob*, there's an Angel for thee.

Wood. And break his head *Hob*, and I'll give thee another.

Hob. Don't fear Master, I Gad I'll point 'em.

Roger. Do if thou canst; I don't fear thee *Hob*.

Hob. 'Sbleed, I'll dress thy Jacket; I'll down thy *Sumer'ses shirt*—
Coate for thee.

Roger. Come on then.

Clown. O brave *Hob*.

Clown. O brave *Roger*.

Clown. O brave *Hob*.

Clown. O brave *Roger*.

[*Here they play and Hob
breaks Rogers Head.*]

All the Clowns Hollow!

Hob. I Gad I've don't; I've don't Faith.

Sir Tho. Foul, foul, foul.

Hob. Fair, fair, fair.

Clown. Here take the Hat *Hob*.

Sir Tho. You lye, you Doggs, 'twas foul.

All Clowns Hollow!

Friend. Stand upon thy Guard *Hob*, the Knight's coming down
to thee.

Hob. Is a' let 'em come and welcome; here I'll stand I'll take
no other than *St. George's Guard*; if he let's drive at me, Fore-gad,
I'll hit 'em over the Soonce, if he was a Knight of Gould.

[*Enter Sir Thomas from the Belcony.*]

Sir Tho. Where are these Bumpkins?—Now who dares
say 'tis fair.

I say 'tis foul.

Hob. I say 'tis fair.

Sir Tho. So is that too.

[*Sir Thomas and Hob fights.*]

Hob. breaks the Knights Head; The Clowns hollow and cry fair;
then the Knight draws his Sword and beats Hob and the Clowns off.

Wood. O brave Knight!

He has bestir'd himself I faith, with as much courage, as if
he fought for distressed Dhmfels.

Friend. So he has I thank him: Here's liberty for you Madam—
unexpected; if you'll embrace it come down quickly.

Wood. Your Jaylor's gone Ladies, and the doors open, come
down and we'll knock off your Fetters.

Hob.

Wood. Not I faith, I'd have every Woman use her leggs as she pleases.

Friend. So shalt thou thy tongue hereafter; But prithee let me Confine is now, for we have no time to talk.

Flo. What is it, you wou'd have of me *Friendly*?

Friend. Remember your promise Madam; and spare that question.

Wood. I don't know what his design is Madam; but here's a Parson planted hard by I can tell you, I believe a purpose to do mischief.

Flo. I own my promise to marry you, but do not remember I ever oblig'd my self to time.

Friend. Be it still unlimited, I'll never press it against your will: All I ask now is, to deliver your self from Bondage.

Flo. What sayst thou *Lucia*, shall I go?

Luc. If I thought you'd take my advice, I'd give it you, but I'm sure you'll adhere to none but that of running away, therefore prithee make haste and begone.

Flo. Farewell then.

Luc. But hast thou the Conscience to leave me behind, to be punished for thy sins?

Flo. Aye, if you can have the heart to let me go without ye.

Friend. Make haste Madam, your Father's returning.

Flo. We come, we come, fly good *Lucia*. [*Exeunt from the Balcony.*]

Wood. 'Tis pity that Marriage should be the end of this Adventure, it looks so like Whoring; I wish the old Fellows Wife had been in their company, to a got me a Stomach to the Business.

Enter Flora.

Friend. Upon my Knees I shou'd receive you Madam; but the place——

Flo. Will not let us lose time in talking— where's my Cousin? Where's my Cousin?

Friend. Leave her to my Friends charge—— He's an honest Gentleman, and will take care of her.

Wood. A Pox of your honest Commendations, let me speak for my self, Madam, here's your Man.

Luc. What to do? Not to follow our Friends example I hope.

Wood. No faith Child, I'm better principl'd; thou shalt have me upon easier Terms.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Re-enter

Re-enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. There——there you Rascal Rogues——you hard headed Doggs, I think I've at last met with your Skulls; I believe I have notch'd some of your Noddies for you; I have made you pay for shedding my Blood.

Enter a Maid and Roger, and Servant.

Maid. Oh Sir, Sir, We're undone, Madam Flora and Madam Lucia.

Sir Tho. What of them?

Maid. They are gone Sir.

Sir Tho. Gone where?

Roger. With a Couple of Gentlemen Sir, No body knows were.

Sir Tho. The Devil go with 'em——which way are they gone?

Servant. They taken towards the Road Sir, but they can't be got far.

Sir Tho. Bid every one of your fellows take Horse immediately, and ride several ways;—Have they slip't through my fingers at last.—Make haste you Doggs——(beats 'em) make haste fly, fly.

Enter Lady Fellic and Betty.

Lady. If reason had a power in Love, I shoud not fann this fire within me, to make a Ruin of my Peace,——But oh I strive in vain, my ungoverned passion drives me on, though sure Destruction follows me: What is't a Clock?

Betty. Four Madam.

Lady. Look if you can see him coming.

Betty. He's just here Madam.

Lady. O could he bring a heart like that hee'l find here; how happy would this meeting be?——But that's impossible.

Enter Woodvill.

Wood. So much for my honest obligation; we have hous'd thy Lads; my friends business is done:——Now let me look after my own——'tis something past the time,——ha!

Lady.

"I am not guilty," I said. "I have not done it." I was suffering from a severe case of amnesia, and I had no idea who I was or what I had done.

Exit, &c. There's one I've already. — aside — What business
The carrying away Sir *Thomas's* Niece and Daughter.

Wood. How the Devil came she to know that?

Lady. Come, since I know you were engaged in that piece of Chivalry, you may spare the expence of an invention to hide it.

Wood. 'Tis true Madam; I did give some little assistance in that affair to the service of my friend, but —

Lady. But the extent of your desire is only to engage my heart
I'll warrant.

Wood. 'Tis the last of all my wives, from the first moment I saw you at Church——

Lady. At Church?

Wood. Aye, at Church Madam; ——— pray Heav'n the gods
to Church (*aside*.) 'Twas there I first beheld you; and there pro-
mised never to think of any other Women.

Lady. My pretended-sickneſs has kept me from Church, ever ſince I've been here; but I believe if he cou'd have thought I had been to be found at *Rome*, he had ſaid he had ſeen me there; — Well Sir, I will not queſtion the truth of what you ſay: But if I ſhou'd be inclinable to believe you, what wou'd you do to deſerve it?

Wood. All things that's possible my Unartful Passion will Compell me to.

Lady. All things but Confiansy; and that I fear is not in your Pillon.

Wood. It is the only sin of my Affection, If it be one to love forever.

Lady. O Heaven! that truth dwell in his words.—*(aside)*—
Swear—Swear that thou lovest me.

Wood. I do by all-

Lady. Hold, — hold — I know there's nothing but he will Swear: And break it when he has done; and yet he must fear it; — for there is such a Charm in the Cheat; that again I must hear him, and be again deceiv'd.

Enter Betty and misers.

Sally. How then, I must leave you, when next I see you.

Wend. You'll perhaps again be taken from me; let me not part with you now.

Leafy

Wood. Then take me with you.

Levy. What to do?

Wood. That we'll talk of by and by.

Levy. But the time will be so short.

Wood. That we shall have no time to talk; ——— Well hinted.

I Gad ———

[Aside]

I. On then my Dear, that we may not lose that little we have.

O. Sir will you be so good to

Enter Sir Thomas with Constable and Watch.

Sir Tho. A Pox upon you, for a company of uncultivated Clods; where d'ye hall me?

Const. Sir, what we do we are bound to; 'tis our Office, therefore pray forgive us.

Sir Tho. You are not going to Execution with me, you ask pardon so like a Hangman;

Const. No Sir, Our Warrant is only to carry you before a Justice, and from thence I believe to Prison: but where afterwards I dare not say; but I am afraid your Worships time is but short.

Sir Tho. Not so short as you'd make it, you dunder headed Doggs, to be tryed, Condemn'd and Hang'd in a Breath.

Const. No Sir, I hope not; Tho' your Worship made but quick work with poor *Hob*.

Clow. Aye, aye poor man; his head has done aking by this time;

Sir Tho. I'm glad of it; and had I my Sword, and my hands at liberty none of yours shou'd trouble you long.

Clow. O bloody, bloody, away with him; this is bloody Neighbours.

Al. Away, away with him.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

Enter Friendly and Robin, meeting Probe the Surgeon.

Friendly. So Mr. *Probe*, how d'ee find your Patient?

Probe. Alas his Wound is nothing; his Skull is not so much as touch'd tho' he fancies it impossible for a cut with a Sword to be less than Mortal.

Friendly. Poor *Hob*, you must still keep him ignorant of his Condition, and make him believe it's dangerous; it may be of use to me:

G

Probe.

Peck. I need not do that, my fear won't let him believe otherwise; let me say what I can.

Friend Robin, come let us go see if we can find Mr. Woodvill, for without his help we shall hardly bring our Plot to perfection.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Woodvill and Lady Testie.

Wood. Not *Jove* in all his Transformations, when he Ungodded himself for Mortal Pleasures, had one hour of Love like me. O for a Night to Revel in; that the *Testie* might be turn'd into a Feast; And my longing Soul be fill'd with delight.

Lady. Is not this Extasie feigned: And shall not the easie access you have found to my heart, make me one day slighted for another.

Wood. Wrong not thy self with such a thought;—there can be no other but thee: Thou Charmer tell me when shall I see thee again?

Lady. I cannot tell, this Evening I'll endeavour it; and if 'tis possible I will meet you here;—tell then—Farewel.

Wood. Farewel my Dear, Dear Creature.

Enter Betty with a Bundle.

Lady. Have you my things *Betty*?

Betty. Here they be Madam.

Lady. Giye 'em to me; I'll put 'em on as I go; if he takes not the nearest way I may meet him at the lower end of the Walk. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Woodvill, meeting Friendly and Robin.

Friend. O well met; I find I might have look't long enough for you, had not chancee brought me to a sight of you:—Come *Robin* the things, quick, quick.

Robin. Here Sir, here.

Wood. How now, what are these for?

Friend. Nay, prithee ask no questions; But if you'll do me a piece of service, come on with this Holy outside, you must suffer a Transformation *Ned*; from a Town Bull to Parish Priest.

Wood. That's the same thing still *Frank*; But to what end must I wear this Mantle, for Inquiry?

Friend. Can't you guess?

Wood.

Wood. Not I faith, unless it be to mock Matrimony; And if that's the business come on, as fast as you will, I'm for you.

Friend. How! I did not think thou hadst been so well acquainted with Religion to be able to set any thing of it.

Wood. Yes, yes, to serve a friend upon occasion *Frank*; I have study'd it a little.

Friend. And a very little, nor that for any affection thou hadst to it, I'll be sworn. Come, come along. [Exit.]

As Woodvill follows Enter Lady Tessie at the other side Mask'd—And pulls him back.

Lady. A word with you Sir,—If the care of some departing Soul does not make you too much in haste.

Wood. Thou dear Creature, have I met thee here again? And art thou come to perform thy last promise; and let me see that beautiful Face of thine?

Lady. Why shoud' you be so curious? for if it prove handsome you know the engagement you lye under.

Wood. What, to love thee?—'Tis impossible my dear for me ever to love any body else.

Lady. So ——— What d'ye do with this habit then? — I fear there is something to be manag'd in this disguise, nor of a piece with your vows.

Wood. This habit Child; why I procur'd it a purpose to try if by it's assistance I cou'd find some way to get access to thee.

Lady. Thou lye'st thou Devil; and the Cusse of broken promises pursue thee for it. [Exit.]

Wood. Hey day! what's the meaning of this Divinity, if you bring me no better fortune, you must go home and look for the good Wives of your own Parish again.

*To Levies Tribe they'll part with any thing,
And thank the Saint that takes the Offering.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I

Hob is brought in a Chair by some Country Fellows, his Father and Mother with him.

Old Hob. Come easie Neighbours, easie, let 'em down easie.
Mother. O my poor Child, how dost thou do?

Hob. Worser and worser, I find I'm not for this Life.

O Hob. Euen I hope you'll take warning, how oft have I said,
Hob says I don't thee concern thy self; what business is it of thine? Let every Tub stand upon its own bottom; but thou thought'st because

Hob. Pray now don't ye talk to me, pray now don't; Don't ye vex me so: That strange thing you can't let me depart in peace.

Enter a Parson.

Parf. How d'ye Neighbour? how does your Son?
Old Hob. Ah Sir, the poor boy I'm afraid will dye.

Hob. Who is that Neighbour?

Clown. Is't he Parson come to Pray with thee *Hob.*

Hob. Ha! What do'st say, the Parson? — O Lord, I hope it is not come to that is it? — O my heart, O my poor heart will break: O — O Lord.

Parf. Come Patience, Patience Neighbour, have a little Patience — And I hope as you have liv'd a good Christian, you'll take care to dye so.

Hob. Aye sure Sir, that I will, under Mercy; for if I live I will dye a good Protestant.

Parf. That's well said, then the first thing you must do, is to forget and forgive.

Hob. Forgive? — What must I forgive him that has knock't out my brains? Why then may hap he'll do so again.

Parf. If he does, you must forgive him.

Hob. Aye, — why then if I must, I do forgive him.

Mother Hob. Child here's *Mary* come to see thee.

Enter Mary.

Mary. How dost find thy self *Hob.*

Hob. Ah *Mary*, I can't speak to thee.

Mother.

Mary. Poor heart; — do try to speak to her child, for she is thy Wife and no other.

Hob. I know I'm due to her — and I do own it before you all, I ask't her the Question last *Lummas*; and at *Alfbedows*-side we broke a piece of Money; and if I had liv'd till Sunday, we had been ask'd in the Church.

Mary. He poor wretch I always thought 'en to pretty to live —
Mary, go and kiss 'en Mary. [*Mary goes and kisses him.*]

Hob. I do desire you all present, to take notice of my last Will and Testimon; — I have forty Shillings in a leatherpurse under my Bed-head, which I do bequeath unto Mary; And the ball'd-fac'd Heifer that I bought at *Lukesbury Fair*, I do bequeath unto Mary; — And my new-leather Breeches, which I bought against *Whitson-tide*; I do bequeath unto Mary; And my Bible, and new Pitchfork, and Tobacco-bow, I do bequeath unto Mary: Mary, come and kiss me once more, Mary you may never kiss me again.

Enter Prob the Surgeon.

Prob. How now, what's the matter; — how dost do Friend?

Hob. Dead Sir, — I'm a Dead Man

Prob. How Dead! Thou art the first Dead Man that ever told me so; let me feel thy Pulse. [*Feels his Pulse.*]

Hob. O Sir, they do deat, beat, like any Drum.

Prob. O your Pulse beats very temperate.

Hob. Do they Sir?

Prob. Aye, aye, you're better than you was a great deal.

Hob. Am I indeed Sir?

Prob. What have you given him to eat?

Hob. Nothing Sir, I have eat no kind of thing: Sir *Thomas* sent a Doctor here, and I believe he had a mind to famish me, he gave me a sort of Stuffe here made of Barly; — Barly Porridge I think they call it; 'twas no sooner in but out again; it runs through a man and does no manner of good.

Prob. You must have some thing to strengthen him; what have you a mind to?

Hob. I don't know Sir: I cou'd eat something fit for a man in my Condition; — a little somewhat Roast; — what d'ye think of a little Roast-beef now; — and a little Pepper and Vinigar to make it Savory, may hap I cou'd get a bit of that down.

Prob.

Probe. O a very good thing for a sick man; let him have it, and give him some Sack now and then; there's half a Dozen Bottles within, which *Mr. Friendly* sent to comfort him with.

Hob. Hara, — God bless 'em — Hal! he's a good man — Mother give me a little Sack, will ye pray now do.

Probe. Well, how d'ye find your self now?

Hob. Ha, — ha — add I don't know Sir, — me thinks I'm pretty hoddy now as I were.

Probe. That's well, why then let him drink another Cup.

Hob. Shall I? — Why so! will then — Mother give me a sup or two more — Hee — hee — hee. [Beckons.

Moth. Ah much good do thy precious heart; how dost do now Child.

Hob. Ha — add I'm fine and sprack now.

Probe. Pough, — you'll do very well again; I'd have you try to get up, and I'll come and see you again anon.

Hob. Thank you Sir, heartily; — Sir, Sir, pray take the Parson a long with you, I don't care to ke'en here, a looks unlucky me thinks.

Probe. Aye, aye, I will.

[Exit with Parson.

Hob. Mother I'll try if I can walk a bit.

Moth. Do that stand up.

Hob. Pray lend me my Breeches Father.

Moth. O don't be so bold good Hob.

Hob. Give me a little more Sack [Drinks] — It's good Sack Mother, pray lend me the — O Lord.

Moth. Get on thy Cloths first, good Child.

Hob. I'm, I'm, very fainty, — I wont venture too soon Mother.

Moth. Don't then, sit down, and let them carry thee in again.

Hob. Aye so I will.

O. *Hob.* Come help Neighbours.

[Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE II. *Sir Thomas in Prison.*

Sir Tho. I have misfortunes enough to send me into the other world, without a Halter; I need not swing thither, for a Rogue not worth the Money the Rope will cost; — but if I be hang'd, it shall be a day of mourning for some-body.

Enter Woodvill habited like a Parson.

Wood. Save you Sir.

Sir Tho. And you too Sir, have you any thing to say to me?

Wood. Yes Sir, I hear you are to be try'd for Murder, and as the Fact appears to me, you will suffer for it.

Sir Tho. Well, and what then?

Wood. I wou'd know in what state you are in, and if you are prepar'd for Death as you ought to be.

Sir Tho. You know;—What with that Face,—prithee get some hair on thy Chin first—boy—thy outside will beget no veneration in me.

Wood. My inside won't I'm sure—[*Aside*].—Sir, I expected another sort of treatment from a man in your Condition.

Sir Tho. Why, what's my Condition Cobble Conscience?

Wood. Do ye know where you are a going?

Sir Tho. No nor you neither Sir, for all you get your living by it.

Wood. This way Sir, won't convey you to Heaven.

Sir Tho. Why then I'll go to t'other place along with you.

Wood. And is this all the Preparation you intend to make for your Journey.

Sir Tho. Aye Sir, I shall go just as I am, without Boots or Spurs; you may therefore spare your pains, if you please.

Wood. What an old Reprobate have I to work upon.

Enter Saywell and Friendly dress like a Lawyer.

Say. Your Servant Sir, I'm glad to see you in such good Company.

Sir Tho. 'Tis the Company Neighbour *Saywell*, that will bring me to the Gallows;—The Parson and the Hangman are the two last that take leave of us there. Have you brought my Writings.

Say. I have Sir, and here's a Gentleman recommended to me for an able Lawyer, that will settle your Estate as you shall think fit.

Enter Faylor.

Fay. Sir, here's a young Lady without, desires to see you.

Sir Tho. O 'tis my Wife, let her come to me.

Wood.

service, for he's at much averſe to a black Gown, as a Nun is to a Surplice: What have you done with the Ladies?

Friend. They're ſafe at my Aunt *Friendly's*.

Wood. De's *Flora* know of your Plott.

Friend. No, nor of her Fathers being here; nor durſt I tell her till I have effected my deſign; for tho' it is only for her ſake, I ſhould get her Fortune, yet 'twou'd diſpleaſe her if ſhe knew I but attempt-
ed it. — Ha!

Enter Flora.

Flo. O, ſhew me, ſhew me, where on my knees I may fix, till my Fears have waſh'd away my Offences; O Sir, forgive my Diſobedience, that has I fear been too much the cauſe of this moſt fatal accident.

Sir Tho. Hum,—get out of my ſight —get out of my ſight—
Go get you gone to your Rogue, that will have me hang'd, go and I'll provide for ye;—I'll give you a Portion, Twelve-pence and my Fathers Curſe, be thine Inheritance.

Wood. What a Pox is the meaning of all this?

Flo. O do not Curſe me Sir, I have not deſerv'd that, leave me a Begger if you pleaſe, but with your Bleſſing and I will be contented.

Sir Tho. What, bleſs thee for contriving to have me hang'd & be gone—begone from me quickly or I will ſit thee from me.

Flo. Do any thing Sir, to you will hear me;—Let me clear my Innocence, and baniſh me your ſight forever turning to

Wood. O Sir, I beſeech you plead for me, it is your Duty to Reconcile us, and yours, and yours turning [*to Mr. Saywell and Friendly*]: And every good man, to help the diſtreſs'd.

Friend. I'm ſo amaz'd I cannot think what to do, if I diſcover my ſell to her in this humour, ſhe'll not have patience to let me undeceive her.

Wood. So, I find our Plot is growing to an end already; How like two Fools we ſhall look by and by, if they find us out in our borrowed ſhapes.

Say. Come, pray let me perſuade you to hear her however, you are never the farther from your Reſolution.

Sir Tho. What can ſhe ſay for her ſell, am I not brought here for Murder, provok'd to it by their invention, ſhe and her Rogues

Friendly

Flora. That I run away with; did you not run away with
my Marcey.

Fla. I did Sir.

Sir Tho. Very good; Come, I'll reason the matter calmly with
you; and have you not married him too, against my express
Command to the Contrary.

Fla. No, Sir nor never will.

Sir Tho. Swear, I swear that, and damn thy self.

Fla. By all my hopes of future Blessings, he is not my Husband;
nor till within this half hour, did I know of your imprisonment,
or the fatal cause.

Sir Tho. If this be true.

Fla. If it be not let misery pursue me.

Sir Tho. Will you promise me not to marry him when I'm dead,
for hang me I suppose they will.

Fla. O do not name him; Death wou'd be a thousand times
more wellcome to me, than such a Husband.

Friend. So how I may go hang my self.

[*Aside.*

Sir Tho. Well, on condition that all you have said is true, I do
forgive thee, rise up and Heaven blest thee.

Friend. Dear Ned, what shall I do.

Wood. Why, as thou saidst just now, hang thy self; for
since thou canst not marry to cure thy passion, I know no other
way.

Say. You will do well, Sir *Thomas*, for she has express her self
a very dutiful Child.

Sir Tho. She oas so, and I will reward her for it, here is a Deed of
Gift of half my Estate, which I did once before design for her, but
happening to fall in Love at that Juncture, and Marrying I alter'd
my Resolution, here Sir, —

Say. Mr. Nonsuit.

Sir Tho. Come and witness this, the rest of my Estate I will settle
upon my Wife, and let the Writings be drawn as soon as you can.

Friend. Say they shall be ordered immediately.

Sir Tho. Give your hand too.

Wood. With my heart; and heav'n give a blessing to't.

Say. Amen.

Sir Tho. There I deliver this as my Act and Deed.

[*Delivers it to Flora.*

Friend.

Friend. So, I'm glad however I've seen this done for her! that she has renounc'd me for ever.

Sir Tho. I wish I cou'd have liv'd to a seen thee married; my death had been more supportable to me.

Flo. I wish so to Sir, for I'm young and know not how the subtilties of men may prevail, when you are gone that shou'd advise me: But for fear this *Friendly* shou'd attempt me again, to make me break the promise I have made you; I will this minute put it out of my power, and give my self to this Gentleman Mr. *Nonjust*, if he'll please to accept of me.

Friend. Ha, accept of thee.

Flo. Nay,——you don't deserve me, for not letting me know your designs upon my Father, and not fit to be trusted with my own welfare think ye.

Sir Tho. Oons!

Friend. Forgive me Madam; and had I——

Flo. Nay, no Apology, I'm satisfy'd that I'm not oblig'd to your Plot for what I have, but my own.

Friend. By all that's sacred I will deserve thee, if it be in Love to reward this unexpected blessing, tell me you Powers, if there be any that knows a happiness like mine; how shall I express my Joy.

Sir Tho. Woods, what is all this?

Wood. O good Sir, forbear swearing; 'tis an hollow'd sound, and my ears can't bear it.

Sir Tho. Rot you and your ears, you Canonical Pimp, Confusion I'm cheated out of my Estate too; as well as my life.

Friend. No, Sir I will take care your Estate shall be dispos'd of according to your Act and Deed; and you may live to now if you please, and enjoy your liberty.

Flo. Which you had never wanted (*Pardon me Sir*) had you given me mine.

Sir Tho. Patience give me Patience.

Say. In troth, Neighbour,——'tis the best Piece of Money you can have; e'en make use of it, and let that seem you have which is not now in your power to help.

Sir Tho. What wou'd you have me do? Wou'd you have me give her to him?

Say. Aye, and your Blessing too, or they'll be happy without it; an' that's a good Rep to it, and that you have given 'em already; and there few Children in this Age, that think their Parents can add any thing more.

Sin. Come hither, — Take her, and make her —

Wood. Any thing but a Wife, or I forbid the Banes.

[*Woodvill interposes.*]

Sin. You forbid the Banes.

Friend. What's the meaning of this?

Wood. Look'ee *Frank*, while the Jest wou'd bare, I was willing to carry it on; — But the Business grows now too much in earnest; and the Welfare of my Friend obliges me to make bold with my Mistress.

Friend. What say ye, your Mistress?

Wood. Aye your Lady, and her Companion, were the two Masks that I told you I pick'd up, and one of 'em, I thank her, did me the Favour to afford me her Company that Night, if it was *Flora* she has something very particular in her Behaviour that makes her a very agreeable Bedfellow.

Friend. Thou durst not sure say this to me in earnest?

Wood. But I dare, Sir, if it be truth, as I'm sure it is; tho', perhaps, you mayn't care to hear it.

Friend. By Heav'n thou ly'st, and did not her presence make this place sacred, thou shoud'st pay dear for this Blasphemy.

Wood. Are you so hot? Follow me, and I'll find you a place to allay your fury in.

Friend. Follow thee —

Flo. Hold, you shall not go; What's the meaning of this?

Enter Lucia.

Luc. What's the matter? —

[*As Wood. is going out.*]

Enter Lady Testie in a Mask, meeting him.

Lady. With your leave, Sir.

Wood. Ha!

Lady. What are you surpriz'd to see me here?

Wood. Ay, I gad, am I, more than ever I was in my Life.

Wood. And is harder for me to do you right, when you put me to it.

Lady. Why did you not meet me, as you promis'd?

Wood. Meet you? I had I thought I had you here; but since I find I'm mistaken, pray, Madam, satisfy me, who you are? For if you remember, when you and I bargain'd for a little familiarity, I was to be under no obligation, till I had seen and lov'd you.

Lady. That you have done already, if you spoke truth; since you are so apt to forget, refresh your Memory and look again. What are you Dumb? [Pulls off her Mask]

Wood. I shou'd be dumb, Madam, if— [Wood Bares]

Lady. If thou hadst nothing to say, but thou hast a Tongue that never want words to excuse thy Perjury, shou'd I stay to hear it; farewell, Ingrateful Man. [Exit]

Wood. So, very well, what trick next; Fortune is pleas'd to be very merry with me to day; I find I have made a very pretty hand of this matter;—Lost both my Mistress, wrong'd a virtuous Lady, abus'd my Friend, and brought a Quarrel upon me, all in one quarter of an hour;—Hark'ee, *Friend*,—

Friend. Well, Sir.

Wood. 'Tis as thou say'st, I do lie; and prithee forgive me for it.

Friend. 'Tis very well, Sir;—But do you think this will satisfy me?

Wood. At present I hope it will; to Morrow thou shalt know more.

Friend. In the mean time then pray make some amends to the Lady.

Wood. I can only ask her pardon, what else is requisite do thou do for me, anon when the Curtains are drawn.

[Woodvill goes to Flora]

Friend. Fear not, Sir; you shan't be troubl'd with any Night-work of mine.

Sir Tho. That I shou'd have both my Eyes, and yet not see these pair of Counterfeit Knaves; well, 'tis not the first time that Whoremongers and Adulterers have been caught with the Law and the Gospel.

My Dear, art thou ventur'd hither yet?

Lady Ay, my Dear, to Rich's this Morn'g, heading and way well and abroad, I could no longer bear to have you here, till I have recover'd health enough to be happy with you at home.

Sir Tho. What say'st thou? — Health, — and be happy? — What do'st thou mean, in — Shall I have thee at my arms? And wilt thou be my Bride to Night?

Lady I shall be what you please to have me.

Sir Tho. Why then be sorrow-wind, and a Vig for my Daughters, *Friendly*, take her, and do what thou wilt with her.

Friendly I thank you, Sir, and so deserve this kindness; I am gettin' sick to take my dear Estate, you shall have it again.

Sir Tho. Hum! Do you see an Old Man? Well, if I can't get an Heir, do you, I'm contented now, it shou'd be my Grandson.

Friendly How now Sir, engaging friend? If you purchase that, it must be for Life!

Ward With all my heart; — Madam, shall I have Possession upon that Condition?

Lady I don't know what may be, after Seven Years Absence.

Friendly He'll be worn out in half that time, Madam, if you don't reclaim him.

Lady Do you think it's possible, Sir, to reclaim him?

Friendly I hope so, Madam.

Lady So do I, tho' I doubt it; Never have I seen of him.

Sir Tho. Let her take care of her self; her Father left her at my disposal, and if she Marries him, I won't give her a Ghost.

Lady Then, Sir, I suppose your Courtship is at an end; for without that Charm, my Beauty, I fear, will have but little force.

Ward Enough, Madam, to make me a Convert, if you dispose me to a Trial. — *(Aside)* — I know not whether Instructed by

Friendly's Example, or any conceal'd Mischief in this holy Covering, but I find my self of a sudden strangely inclin'd to do some thing to repent of, as well as the foolish part of *MARRIED*.

Tho. How she loves him, and if I thought he lov'd her.

[Aside to Friendly]

Friendly

Wood. You must not doubt it, if he carries her, he will
make him do such a Violence to himself. *Aside to*
Woodvill. *Wood.* pursue your purpose, if 'tis honourable for such a
Beauty, and eight thousand Pound, ——— if we can work an
old fellow to consent, will be a better Fortune then any man can
hope for in *Flanders*.

Wood. If Love goes on as it begins, I shall be of thy Opinion
Friend.

Sir Tho. Ask what thou wilt, my Dear, I will deny thee no
thing; ——— for thou art every thing to me; ——— What wou'd I give
now, that it were Bed time, Neighbour, ha ———

Say. Not so much as your Lady wou'd give to have it Morning
again; for we old fellows, *Sir Thomas*, are but troublesome Con-
temporaries between a pair of Sheets.

Sir Tho. Say you so, *Sir*, you may be mistaken; what say'st
thou my dear?

Lady. I hope so too, *Sir*.

Sir Tho. Ha! My little Rogue.

Lady. [*Aside.*] Why shou'd I be angry that he cannot love me?
I wou'd not love him if I cou'd help it: Shall I then think that a
Crime in another, I wou'd my self be guilty of; ——— Alas, 'tis
neither of our faults; for fate has decreed me wretched to make
him happy, and this way it must be done; ——— Neice to
Day I am *Sir Thomas*, and your Fortune now you shall receive
from my Gift, ——— take it, and dispose of it with your self,
as you please.

Luc. Madam, I shou'd blush so to receive it, if I did not hope
you wou'd command both it and me.

Lady. If I do, it shall be so bestow you here; ——— I know
your Inclinations.

Wood. Madam, this generous Act has ———

Lady. (*Aside.*) Deserv'd better usage than you have treated me
with; but I forgive you, and hope I shall forget you too.

Wood. Never, Madam; for tho' I cannot as a Lover, as a
Friend I'll hope to deserve a place in your Memory.

Lady. A Friend! A cold distinction for a heart like mine, unless
it cou'd degenerate, and be as yours has been to me; however be
happy, and if I have contributed any thing to make you so, 'twill
please me that I had it in my Power.

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. That both these young men should be so kind to me?

Friend. Aye, and you may thank Heaven for it, or rather thank you; for *Hob's* Life depended upon your good behaviour, and had you been still refractory, we had knock'd out his brains, and you shou'd a Swung for't.

Sir Tho. A very Christian-like Contrivance.

Friend. 'Twas such as wou'd a serv'd our turn.

Enter Jaylor and Hob.

Jail. There's Master *Friendly*.

Hob. God bless you, Sir.

Friend. O, honest *Hob*!

Sir Tho. What, durst that Rogue venture hither? Give me my Sword, I'll have a Collop of him I'm resolv'd.

Hob. Will you? — As I hope to be sav'd — Master *Friendly* — For the Lord sake don't let e's draw his Sword upon me again, pray now don't.

Friend. No, no, prithee don't fright thy self, — Good Sir, let me intreat for him.

Hob. Don't ye thirst after Blood so, don't ye, — You have enough of mine to answer for already.

Sir Tho. What brought him here?

Hob. Brought me here? — Why look'ee, Sir, I am through Providence here a going to be Marry'd to *Mary*; and I don't know how it may please God to deal with me; therefore I desire before I go to Church, that I may be at Peace with all the World; forgive me, and I'll forgive you.

Wood. Poor fellow, he's the first I ever knew in his Condition that wou'd to have a fence of it.

Sir Tho. Well, since you will have it so, let him give us a Dance, and I will be Friends with him.

Friend. And the Farm next his Father's, for his Life shall bring, if he makes a good Husband; — 'Tis in my Gift yet, Sir.

[To *Friendly*]

Friend. And shall be ever so, M. *Jem*; and to show my thanks for your Bounty, I will Rock in the Chair.